GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Vainglory blossoms, but does not bear.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

Truth has but one way, but that is the right way.

Justice is more powerful than arms.—*Gladstone.*

To change and to better are sometimes two different things.

Judge not hastily; it is better to suspend our opinion than to retract an assertion.

Our best friends are those who keep perfectly quiet when some one is enumerating our virtues.

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works.—*Cervantes.*

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.—*Burke.*

There is more or less sorrow in the word "good-by," and yet how we like to hear some people say it!

Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves.—*Charles Reade.*

The mind of man is so formed that, when fully awakened, it can be satisfied with nothing less than the Infinite.—*S. M. Crothers.*

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection and strengthened by enjoyment.—*Colton.*

The whole faculties of man must be exerted in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralyzed.—*Coleridge.*

A genuine and real belief in the presence and agency of God in the minor events and details of life is necessary to change them from secular cares into spiritual blessings.—*H. B. Stowe.*

Educate only a man's head and you make him an infidel. Educate only a man's heart and you make him a fanatic. Educate them both together and you have the noblest work of God.—*Talmage.*

Let the soul remain before God as wax in the mold, as the canvas under the hand of the painter, or marble under the chisel of the sculptor. The Divine Workman will fashion it according to his good pleasure.—*Selected.*

Abundance of worldly goods diminishes our pleasures in using them, and too much liberty in choosing our occupations, arising from education, wealth and social position, renders the choice complicated, difficult, and often useless.—*Tolstoi.*

Is anything more wonderful than another if you consider it maturely? I have seen no men rise from the dead; I have seen some thousands rise from nothing. I have not force to fly into the sun, but I have force to lift my hand, which is equally strange.—*Carlyle.*

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S CREED.

Inspirational Lecture by W. J. Colville, Delivered in Odd Fellows' Hall, Sunday Evening, Sept. 25, 1887.

[Reported for the Golden Gate by Chas. H. Heath.]

1. Happiness is the only good.

2. The way to be happy is to make others happy. Other things being equal, that man is the happiest who is the nearest just—who is truthful, merciful, and intelligent—in other words, the man who lives in accordance with the conditions of life.

3. The time to be happy is *now*, and the place to be happy is *here*.

4. Reason is the lamp of the mind—the only torch of progress; and, instead of blowing that out and depending upon darkness and dogma, it is far better to increase that light.

5. Every man should be the intellectual proprietor of himself—honest with himself and intellectually hospitable—and upon every brain reason should be enthroned as king.

6. That every man must bear the consequences, at least, of his own actions; that if he put his hand in the fire, *his* hand must smart, and not the hands of another. In other words, that each man must eat the fruit of the tree he plants.

The above creed is indeed, as the GOLDEN GATE has remarked, as good a one as was ever invented, though, of course, it does not go as far in the recognition of spiritual truth as many of us would desire to have it. The very word is objectionable in the ears of many people, though for what reason we are at a loss to surmise, unless it be that many foolish, ignorant and dogmatic creeds have been forced upon the world, but such dogmatic compilations are in many instances, properly speaking, not creeds at all. The word creed, as you are doubtless all well aware, is derived from the Latin *Credo*, (I believe). Therefore, out of the three great creeds of Christendom, two are, properly speaking, creeds; the third is not rightly a creed, but a dogmatic ecclesiastical manifesto. The Apostle's Creed begins with "I believe," so does the Nicene Creed, but the Athanasian Creed begins with, "*Quicunque vult*," etc. "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." That awful declaration is, however, inconsistently modified before we reach the end of the "creed," as a concluding clause reads: "They who have done good shall go into life everlasting." So Col. Ingersoll is not excluded from eternal happiness, even on the showing of the pretended creed of Athanasius, who, by the way, if history does not lie, was not its author or compiler. The three creeds held alike by the Roman, Greek and Anglican divisions of the Christian hierarchy show us how primitive simplicity and becoming modesty and charity were banished as soon as imperialism took root in Christian minds and countries. The first creed (the Apostle's) is a simple exposition of evangelical Christianity in terse and lucid sentences; the Nicene Creed is a more elaborate and verbose exposition of the same doctrine, but both these creeds are so written as to challenge no opposition. The right of freedom of speech would be arraigned should we question any one's right to express publicly, if he wishes, his religious convictions. The Athanasian Creed is not properly reprehensible because of its mysterious doctrine of a trinity of three persons in the Godhead, but solely on account of the presumptuous blasphemy which makes any man, or body of men, dare to condemn all their fellow beings to everlasting damnation, unless they agree with them in accepting incomprehensible notions regarding the nature of the Supreme Being.

Col. Ingersoll having replied to the savage and purblind criticisms and denunciations of Dr. Talmage, the eminent pulpit sensationalist of Brooklyn Tabernacle, has favored the public with a statement of what he does believe. He has told us so much about what he does not believe that we are truly delighted with an affirmative statement from his ready pen and eloquent tongue. His creed is a worthy and a liberal one; he does not seek to bind it as a chain about the neck of his brethren; he is content to hold and proclaim it as his own honest belief and conviction, and in so doing challenge the thoughtful and respectful attention of the entire thinking community.

Let us take a moment's glance at the man before we analyze his creed. Men and their creeds always bear a family resemblance. A contracted creed could never have been drawn up by a broad, liberal man. A narrow mind could never have devised such a creed as Ingersoll's. Ingersoll, both mentally and physically, is an instructive as well as an interesting subject for study; his is a large, genial, breezy nature. He carries with him the breadth of the prairies, and is, in many senses, a good typical American. His intellect is great, but not fully developed, neither is it highly polished. His personal appearance is attractive, strong, manly, fatherly, social, and withal gentle, for, strange as it may seem, the author of "Mistakes of Moses," and other literary firebrands and bombshells, is in every sense a gentle and an affectionate man in his friendly and domestic relations. As a father, a husband and a citizen he is irreproachable, and as a lawyer he is a conscientious advocate of liberty. As a lecturer he is a ruthless inconoclast in nine instances out of every ten, but every once in awhile his tones are tender, melting, pathetic, and when they are so, he moves his audience, not only to mingled applause and tears by his burning eloquence, but by the profundity and moral aptitude of his constructive reasoning. As a destroyer of the world's faith we have often had passages at arms with Ingersoll, but when he undertakes to build we can only watch with unqualified admiration the skill and deftness of his work.

Article 1 in his creed reads: "Happiness is the only good,"—as sweeping an assertion as it is possible for any one to make, and one, moreover, to which exception might readily be taken, but we have no desire to cavil or disagree; we prefer to look deeply into this sentence and see if we can not discover in it a perfect epitome of sound philosophy.

That happiness is the supreme object of human search is self-evident, for the most religious, even when they profess to disregard earthly happiness, seek happiness in heaven which they believe will be of eternal duration, while the most unselfish, who seem not to seek their own individual enjoyment, devise all their schemes of benevolence with a view to securing the happiness of others. Thus happiness is clearly the universal good desired; whether we seek our own or that of others is the criterion of our selfishness or our philanthrophy. If it is natural to man to seek happiness as the supreme goal of all his effort, may we not safely conclude that we are constituted by an infinitely happy God whose good pleasure it is that all should seek and find happiness that will endure forever. This thought certainly discords with Christian orthodoxy, but harmonizes with all liberal thought and spiritual philosophy.

Article 2 in Ingersoll's creed reads: "The way to be happy is to make others happy. Other things being equal, that man is the happiest who is the nearest just—who is truthful, merciful, and intelligent—in other words, the man who lives in accordance with the conditions of life." This article being expository and exegetical needs close analysis, and to many minds some amplification to render it wholly acceptable alike to the moral sense and intellectual understanding. Its morality is unexceptionable. Who among moral teachers has ever given a supremer place to truthfulness and mercy than Ingersoll? Truth and mercy he places even before intelligence, thereby according with what we perpetually insist upon, viz., that moral training is even more important than mental culture, though both are of priceless value.

Let us briefly consider the nature and especial merits of the three excellencies to which Ingersoll gives the most conspicuous place in his code of ethics, in fact the only three he mentions in his creed as necessary to a "just" man, one who, to use his own words, "lives in accordance with the conditions of life"—life meaning, of course, something infinitely above mere vegetative existence, as simple bodily existence is maintained by many who violate every condition of life in its highest meaning. Now what is it to be truthful, merciful, and intelligent? We should reply, it is to be just, loving and wise. Truth must ever stand foremost among the virtues. We must be true to ourselves and true to humanity if we would make our lives peaceful, useful and harmonious. What is truth? is a question we all need to ask of that inward monitor we agree in calling conscience; we have all a moral sense, a perception of right, and this inward perception or intuitive conviction never leads us astray. It may apparently differ in measure, but never in kind with different individuals. All may know a certain amount of truth, though all may not know equally much of truth. To be true is to be loyal to one's highest convictions of right and duty, and though perfection be not possible in all instances, perfect truthfulness of intent is the characterizing mark of every noble man and woman.

The idea of unlimited progress does not conflict in any sense with the highest standard of relative truthfulness held up by an individual as the guide of personal conduct. Truth demands that we should follow its lead instantly and unhesitatingly in all cases; *i. e.*, we must never dally with convictions; never toy with conscientious scruples; never resort to the sophistry of self-excuse, but act immediately without reluctance in accordance with our highest conception of right.

Truth is infinite and we are finite; thus there is always an infinite ocean of truth unsounded, unexplored by us. As in mathematical studies, for instance, problem after problem presents itself before us for solution, each one somewhat more difficult than its predecessor, we may be utterly unabie as yet to solve the more abstruse of the problems we have encountered, while those less difficult we can solve readily if we will only faithfully apply the rule. The more difficult ones we shall be able to grapple with by and by, if we are only faithful and diligent in our studies, but there is no road to our ever mastering obstacles now apparently insuperable other than the plain direct one of conscientious, unflagging devotion to our study. Let this serve as an illustration with reference to our discovery of truth. Much truth is veiled from us in dim obscurity, but our eyes grow stronger as we rightly use them, and every effort to follow the guidance of truth prepares us for and simplifies our next higher research into its mysteries. What then is our practical duty in daily life? Should we always speak the truth? Yes, except when it is our duty to remain silent.

A criminal is not required, by the civil law, to criminate himself in court, but he is most assuredly bound by the most sacred moral obligation never to utter a falsehood in self-defense. There are indeed times when we should keep silence, as well as times when we should speak, but no time ever occurs when it is permissable to tell a lie, no, nor even to act one. But some may object, Is it not our duty to help and shield our fellow-beings? Are there not often extenuating circumstances which should be duly considered? Are not your too rigid moralists apt to err on the side of severity, and in overlooking clemency discard one of the sweetest of graces and most noble of virtues? We answer unhesitatingly, Whenever such inquiries are raised, ends never justify means which are not in themselves good. What is commonly called the Jesuitical policy is a dastardly one, and one, moreover, which must ultimately prove fatal to the welfare of all who adopt it. In that pathetic drama, "The Two Orphans," which the public are never tired of witnessing, a fatally weak spot mars the moral beauty of the character of a Sister of Charity, who is in every respect the embodiment of mercy. She finds herself in a terribly trying situation. A child she loves dearly, one who leans on her as upon a tender mother, is in cruel danger and deep distress, and to save the poor, blind maiden whose heart is breaking at the thought of an impending catastrophe, she resorts to a falsehood, a simple "white lie," to frustrate the evil designs of an unscrupulous adversary. Was such a falsehood wicked? It was assuredly weak, as no one can condescend to employ deception as a weapon of defense if he trusts implicitly in the almightiness of truth.

How few of us, alas! have that perfect faith in truth which would enable us to remove every mountain of error out of our path if we only possessed it. Lacking this supreme trust in truth, we weakly yield to deception with what we fondly call the best motive possible. Our intent may be good, but our policy is virtually suicidal. Tell the truth or preserve silence, is a motto we should do well to hang up in a conspicuous place in all our schools, homes, and places of business.

A mistake can never be a lie, an unintentional mistatement has in it none of the characteristics, and possesses none of the attributes of mendacity. We may often ignorantly and quite innocently err in judgment, and thus unknowingly mislead ourselves and others. Such a condition of affairs is perfectly excusable on the ground that we are not omniscient. But falsehood, to partake of the nature of opposition to truth, must be freighted with the intention to deceive. Of course falsehood is encountered in various depths of criminality; its very mildest form is that in which we employ it as a cloak to save our neighbors from distress. In its worst guise it is the result of deliberate intention to wrong another. The three forms of lying most common may be described as the lie of timidity, the lie of selfishness, and the lie of malice. The first is of course more of a weakness than a sin, even though the element of sinfulness is not absent. The second is very popular, indeed awfully prevalent, and the source of untold misery. The third is the most despicable and fiendish thing imaginable on earth, and can never proceed from the lips of any but depraved persons.

To be always truthful one needs a large stock of courage, and for ourselves we can scarcely see how any one can have the requisite amount of confidence in truth to be always true unless he has confidence in a Supreme and Universal Being who is infinitely true, who is the author and inspirer of the law of the universe, and whose infinite veracity insures the triumph of truth and the defeat of falsehood in accordance with the very nature and constitution of universal moral government.

Ingersoll is not an avowed Theist, but so far as we understand him he has no prejudice against pure Theism. The evidences of the being of God are, in his opinion, not strong enough to justify him in saying, "I believe in God." But surely, no man could place truthfulness in the place of honor, to which Ingersoll assigns it, were he not morally in harmony with the most exalted Theism. His intellect wavers between the ideas of God and no God, but his innermost sentiments and his noblest aspirations are all preeminently theistic, as they are also altruistic. Next to truth, Ingersoll places mercy, and we must remember he is defining a *just* man's character, so we take it for granted he means, by mercy, that beautiful and regal attribute of divinity which always was, and ever will be, the spouse of perfect equity.

Just at this season when the Jewish fast of Yom Kippur, or the Day of Atonement, is celebrated by many thousands of our best citizens in San Francisco, and by all the millions of Israel the world over, it is peculiarly appropriate to consider the relations of justice and mercy in the divine beneficence, and what lends added importance to this theme is that the doctrine of atonement is considered the very vital point in Christian orthodoxy. You are all far too familiar with the Christian scheme of redemption to necessitate our rehearsing it to you. It is, in fine, a wonderfully constructed edifice built upon the treacherous sand of a misconception with regard to the relation of the divine attributes one toward the other. God, the Father, represents justice; God, the Son, mercy; and these two persons in the trinity have positively to become at variance with each other, at least in appearance, in order that justice and mercy may alike be satisfied.

The wretched, blinding sophistry to which this baseless assumption has given birth needs only to be examined to be instantly refuted as a libel on the very nature of Deity and the constitution of the universe. You who have been to strictly orthodox Christian churches and heard old-fashioned calvinistic sermons and Sunday school lessons, must have felt your young minds rebelling against the monstrous inhumanity of a schoolmaster who would punish one boy and let another go free, accepting an innocent victim in the stead of a guilty culprit. Yet this most immoral illustration of God's

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Beyond.

[Written through private mediumship at St. Paul, Minn., September, 1887, by Spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon.]

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Your letter of inquiry is fully understood, and I will give you my thoughts from my present standpoint, and should I differ from any who have communicated from this side at any time, it is proper that you remember the fact that I am only one of the grand army upon this side of life, and you should remember always that no two, in earth-life, even, view and report anything exactly alike, and because we are now in heaven does not necessarily give us minds and eyes alike, nor the same way of stating the facts we meet here. Later on we may explain more fully, and perhaps come to somewhat different conclusions, simply because we are seeking and have received more light. This is a life of progression, where we are constantly seeking for the truth in refetence to our surroundings. It frequently happens that those who communicate to you soon after coming into this life are obliged, after further investigation, to change the statement first made, for now they can see more clearly and have learned more of the new world they are in. This has caused the friends in earth-life to question the reliability of the medium, more particularly if the differing communication comes through a second medium, when the real truth is, that the last letter differed because of further investigation and more knowledge of the one here.

It is a great stumbling-block to suppose that what you call death, and we recognize as the Resurrection Day, works a miracle with those coming into this life by changing them into immediate perfection. This old error should be done away with because it is not true, as no such thing happens to any one, and it is well that it does not. The truth is, that you arise from the death of the physical body and enter into the realities of the Resurrection Day with the actual soul growth you possessed when you laid down the old form; this and no more. Suppose that the wonderful change from earthly ignorance and imperfection should bring you into the life on this side and place you into the companionship of the angelic hosts of perfection, would you be content there? Would you not prefer to open your eyes in that morning to find yourself about the same individual as before, except the physical suffering, as when you passed into the last earthly slumber? I think you would, for that is the experience of all who come through the beautiful gate of that day.

It is a noticeable fact that you in earth-life are greatly inclined to put away all thoughts of life in the beyond and of spiritual growth before coming into this world or home of the soul. As a rule there appears to be no thought for the to-morrow when applied to spiritual things, and you are wholly forgetful that as you live so you are preparing yourselves to enjoy the possibilities of life here. You must learn that your heavenly happiness rests greatly in your own hands, and you must, in some degree, work out your own salvation through loving deeds done while there. You must not lay these things one side hoping to make all necessary preparation on a death bed, nor in the eleventh hour, for you will learn, upon entering this life, that you should have lived properly every day, while there, in order to enter at once into the joys of this life.

Another error among you in earth-life is, that you think there is already a home prepared for you to enter upon coming into this world. It is true that a home is being prepared for you, and that your daily life there furnishes the index to what that home will be. Your daily life gives us the knowledge of what would make you happy here, and we do all we can to prepare, day by day, a home that you would fit into and be happy to occupy. Your home is greatly a reflex of your earth-life, therefore give thought to things spiritual and of soul growth, so that we can beautify your home here.

The religious teaching in earth-life has been of a nature to lead into unbelief, in that it fails to teach the duty of every-day life being necessary to prepare people *how to live*. If people live righteously every day, they are prepared to die at any time, and religious teaching among you has failed to open the way to spiritual knowledge, because its teachers are prone to deny the truth of immortality as brought to the world by the loved ones gone before. They are satisfied to surround all things spiritual with the mystery of ages gone by, and thereby fail to feed the hungry souls of those who are longing for some information about the real life loved ones are actually living in the home they have passed into in the beyond. They even try to prevent investigation of the claims of the real life and spirit return, because some of our mediums are uneducated and lack the proper condition of refinement to satisfy them, thus claiming that loved ones would never come through any person they would not associate with when in earth-life. My friends, you will learn more about this after coming into this life of true endeavor. True it is that we would prefer to come to you through more perfect instruments than we sometimes do, but when you also learn the anxiety we have to return and assure the mourning ones that we are not dead, and that they should not give up in despair because we could not remain longer with them, you will not question and stumble over this thing of imperfect mediums. To overcome the influence of our mediums' thoughts mingling with our messages, we render them as nearly unconscious as possible and accomplish our mission of love. Later on you also will come to face the truth that there is great joy in heaven in being enabled to come to you with the glorious truth of immortality through any door that is opened to us, and then, if not before, you will gladly extend the hand of loving fellowship to all honest and true mediums.

It appears to us on this side of life that the day has come for those who know the truth of immortality, resurrection and spirit return to come boldly out and let your light so shine that none can fail to see its healthy influence. When this religion is proclaimed freely and openly, so that the poor shall be reached as well as the rich, then the true way to happiness will be opened wider in earth life, and those coming into this life will be better prepared to enter into the joy of this home in the beyond.

All efforts of scientists and doubters to disprove our existence and possibility to return have failed, because *we do exist*, and do also return and prove it, and this fact does away with the doubters' theory, that "if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be," has reference to the end of life; but rather teaches that as you live, so the resurrection will find you, with your actual, spiritual, or soul growth to commence the life on this side the river. If you have not time to dig out the real meaning of those old sayings it is quite as well to use modern words to convey thoughts of to-day.

Yes there is an effort on this side of life to carry the truths of our every-day life to dwellers in earth life, and we are not confining our efforts wholly to the channel of circles and their mediums. The time has come for this glorious religion to be proclaimed to all who will listen, and should you turn your ears toward the churches you will recognize our presence in many of their thoughts and sermons, and you will learn that these echoes are coming to humanity through that channel also. Let all hear the glad tidings and drink freely at this fountain of truth and happiness that is offered freely to those who are thirsting for spiritual knowledge. FATHER KENYON.

The Science of Life.

[Extract from a private letter to a subscriber for the Golden Gate.]

The Science of Life questions are to be settled and disposed of on two distinct planes, after which, according to the decision, he or she rises into the life of soul and works in the sphere of truth, life and love, or sinks into the vortex of sense and self, and is content to be buried in things material and temporal. It is the privilege of mediums, as well as others, to rise out of sense into soul; out of the gross and material into the realm of spirit; out of things temporal into the eternal, here and now, and work in the realm of truth and life, and wonderful will be the results.

No sensualist, no selfish person, or discordant one can achieve victories in the sphere of Christ, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Never believe he or she has the truth who is loud and conceited in his self-assertion, for Truth is modest and retiring, often crushed to earth, but always rises again and can bide its time. But facts are the best logic. Look out on the Sandwich Islands, almost depopulated because of unbridled license, and of those existing—how many are miserable lepers. Right here before me to-day I see the awful ravages of lust in the diseased and dying freedmen. A woman here will often listen to the seductions of another man and quit her husband, and forthwith she almost invariably dies early of dropsy or consumption. The plea that such union will give strength is only in the belief, and that transient. Intemperance and licentiousness open the floodgates of hell upon earth. Such myriads have passed into the spirit world in past ages whose burning lusts consumed them, and there they revel, urged on by the worm that dieth not, and the fire that can not be quenched. Always they commence their seductive influences on the living by trying to convince them that passional indulgence is essential to their health and strength, and yet here and all over the world the pure must minister to or support their miserable victims.

Now and then I see the charred frame of a house destroyed by fire, which illustrates that man or woman who is eaten out and consumed by his or her passions. The spirit world abounds with them; hence, mediums and sensitives are so ruthlessly assailed; thus the necessity of rising from the thraldom of sense and the power of another human mind.

GREAT BRITIAN has 13,000 Bands of Hope and juvenile temperance societies, with an aggregate membership of 1,600-000.

LITTLE DOT.—"Mamma, why don't Mrs. Blank be a Christian like other folks? Omaha mamma—"Why, pet, Mrs. Blank is a Christian. She is a member of our church." "Is that being a Christian?" "Why, of course. What makes you think she isn't?" "She didn't have any new bonnet Easter."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

Saidie comes with greetings of love to every child of the heaven born Order to teach of its principles that are as old as the Eternal himself. Violating no law of nature are the facts Saidie gives through her own chosen ones—chosen because found true. Receptive minds are within the home center—those who through the Divine law of unfoldment are ready and willing to accept within their being the Divine truths of matehood and many incarnations. Saidie, from the first manifestations of spirit power, has been with this circle; has thus, as she tells you in her printed words, unfolded plan after plan to those her chosen few, that the children of the Order may receive the full baptism of its influences.

Saidie gives the true knowledge of matehood. She sees the wavering doubts that exist within as to who and how. The soul mates sometimes touch earth shores at the same time, attracted by the law of love each to the other. But this is rarely the case; one must come earthward, while the mate remains on the other shore, that both may reap at the same time the harvests of the two lives. Here, at the present, some are gleaning from the earth experience, while the mate, or the guardian, dwells in the beautiful world beyond. Both are sowing and reaping, and in the future will garner in the golden grain with which to crown an immortal life. The soul mates have touched earth shores in many separate incarnations. The events of each are faded from the memory of the earth pilgrim; but much is fresh in the memory and heart of the one who watches and guards with a love not born of earth. There is a higher and better life for twin souls to reach. There are heavens you have not yet explored, and the beauty and glory of which you have little or no conception of. Not all the heights of wisdom can be explored by souls, though free from the mortal, who have not yet passed through the experiences of the school of life, by which Saidie means the separate incarnation, until the gate of immortal life has swung wide open its hinges and the traveler has entered therein to go no more out forever.

One life, be it ever so long, though its experiences be ever so deep, can not give the soul robes of immortality. This is impossible. Incarnation after incarnation is the necessity of a human soul. At first thought it seems a retrograde step. It would appear to be going back into materiality; but not so; each incarnation gives added power to the spirit; each form evolved is so much farther on in the journey of life; each home coming is so much nearer the eternal home all will reach. The children have heard the call of our common mother many times, and have traveled many mortal pilgrimages, but not all have been in this land; many have been in other lands mid other scenes and on other worlds; yet through each and every one the same individual spirit has been the life-giving power, leading you out and on in the path of life toward the grand consummation. Once this point gained where incarnation has no more power to call you hence, you have commenced to live in reality. These lessons are but life's lessons to be well learned; then you can take your place in the great vineyard of the Infinite, and work wherever attracted.

Of the glory of the great hereafter you have little conception. This is far beyond the comprehension of any earth mind. Those who as yet have not completed the earth journey can tell you naught of the life beyond. Their ideas are limited by their own experiences. The world needs wise teachers—those who are masterful spirits, who have become superior to matter by becoming master of lesser good, that which is revealed through the wedding of mind with matter.

The deific babes are pure and immortal. This is their inheritance, their birthright. They are dual souls, male and female, mates through the eternal ages. In wedding with matter, wearing robes of materiality, they are bound by the conditions of earth-life, and in freeing themselves from these bonds they become superior to matter, and again are the pure children of the Father, with all added strength and honor; in short, are no more deific babes, but mature men and women, able to work in fields of life that are now hidden from sight.

Saidie teaches no new doctrines, unfolds no startling wonders, but unrolls the book of life that her children may read chapter after chapter, page after page, and read understandingly. True, you can not easily see the why of all these things at once. Sense and reason must grasp the truth, and in fullness of time all will be made plain to your understanding. Saidie teaches matehood—a truth humanity needs—not a new idea, but an old, old truth. You ask why it was not taught before. Saidie will ask why telegraphic communication had not before been established between the continents? Why have you not known of, and used the telephone and electric light before? The records of both written and unwritten history reveal progress on its pages. And again, Saidie says mankind has not become sufficiently spiritual to understand the full import of the term "matehood." Shades of truth have reached earthward—not the full light thereof which should make glad the soul of humanity. From earth conditions dense clouds of error have evolved, and to penetrate them the light of the angel world must shine with certain rays. Truth alone must rift the clouds, that mankind lose not their way in the dim, uncertain light. Truth divine is the Redeemer, the only Savior of mankind. In its light alone can the Father's children rejoice. SAIDIE.

In closing this message I am impressed to urge every member of the Angel Order who have not subscribed for the GOLDEN GATE, to do so without delay (if it be possible) that each member may receive the teachings of Saidie and the angels from the higher realms of spirit life, that they may be blest spiritually, and be in possession, from week to week, of the best spiritual paper printed on our planet earth. It is not too much for me to say that the GOLDEN GATE has no equal as a spiritual paper. In this broad assertion I am endorsed by the angel world of this and many other planets.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., September, 1887.

P. S.—Members can obtain the GOLDEN GATE at the lowest possible rate by addressing "J. B. Fayette, Oswego, New York."

Letter from Mrs. Schwartz.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have passed the greater portion of this day in the perusal of the GOLDEN GATE, just at hand. After one has partaken of a hearty dinner one sometimes becomes conscious of having eaten too much; and I feel that I have taken too much of this mental food at once. But how could I help it? Each article was so good that I craved more. There was Colville's lecture, so full of knowledge and truth, giving us an insight into the life and religion of the great Chinese philosopher, a point in the history of religion that comparatively few are acquainted with. Few know how many of our good sayings belong to Confucius. Then we learn, on another page, that we are not the only ones that are "bothered." Our townswoman, Mrs. M. C. Barker, echoes the cry that is resounding all over the world for "more light." In this issue of the paper we receive light on "Mental Medicine," "Methods of Treating Disease," "What is Death?", "Spiritual Phenomena," "Mediumship," etc. So it comes to us week after week freighted with knowledge—with high and pure expressions of thought. It carries hope, light and joy wherever it goes; it gives indisputable evidence of a future existence; it tells us how to live; and that teaches you how to die. It tells us of the grandest work carried on by Mr. Colville, who carries all with him; of Mr. Morse, who has just come to us a stranger in a strange land to expound Spiritualism from a sound, sensible standpoint; of Mrs. Watson, Dr. McKaig, and a host of other able workers. We envy you your grand opportunity of listening to those speakers, for we are literally starving here, in San Jose, for mental food.

But after this gift has been bestowed upon so many, without money and without price, yet the multitudes must starve unless they can produce a good, round sum of money for the food they need. Now do not misunderstand me. Money is the lever which all must have; but it does seem as though a little missionary work might be done, and if ever a place needed it, it is San Jose. If the fires could be well started, it is possible that they could be kept alive. What can be done? "The laborer is worthy of his hire," yet it is hard for us to go without bread when we are hungry. I wish some ways and means could be devised to help us. We seem to have mired, and are waiting for some one to help us.

I want to join in that "Welcome Home" to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mozart, who have many warm friends in our city. We are glad to hear of their safe return, and of the success that has attended them. San Jose has developed a fine medium, Mrs. A. S. York, whose card I will enclose. She is a good, honest woman—consequently, a good, honest medium. And so the good work goes on. I find that people of all classes and beliefs are deeply interested in Spiritualism—longing to know more of it. I will close this letter with best wishes for the future success of the GOLDEN GATE. Long may it live.

MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ.

SAN JOSE, Sept. 24, 1887.

W. J. COLVILLE'S LECTURE.—Mr. Colville, the celebrated lecturer on Spiritualism, spoke last night at Hamilton Hall, on "The True Gospel of Atonement as Related to the Great Questions of Our Age." There was quite an audience present who listened attentively to the remarks of the eloquent speaker. Mr. Colville reviewed the question of atonement as taught in the Scriptures and practiced by the Hebrews of the time of the Old Testament, showing that its principles were practical in the Christian life of today. The whole lecture was filled with sound Christian Doctrine of that kind which no church or creed could object to, and which would make a better and happier world if lived up to. Mr. Colville lectures in the same hall next Friday evening.—*Oakland Enquirer.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Future Life.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

What a glorious future awaits every immortal who will but reach out for the luscious and abundant fruits of progression that overhang their pathway, commencing here and extending throughout the vast unnumbered æons of Eternity! What a continuous unfoldment of soul powers—what mental strides and exalted degrees of intellectual attainments does not our spiritual philosophy reveal? It is like the tiny bud watered by the dews, nourished and kissed by the sunshine, that daily unfolds new and rarer beauties, richer tints, assuming delicate and more refined proportions and of deeper and more delicious fragrance, until its original character is lost in the surpassing beauty of a fully developed blossom. Why longer grope among the dust and ashes of past superstitions and ever unsatisfying theories—among the shadows and doubts of mythological teachings, when our glorious orb of spiritual truth reveals at every turn new delights, undiscovered fields of immortal research, and unending avenues of ever increasing joys? What unmistakable evidences does it daily bear of the final gratification of every honest, pure and noble desire and endeavor even beyond our greatest expectation. Under its benign influences our present feeble virtues gain full development, and many yet unknown brought into recognition. Why, the very knowledge and evidence of such a future should fill our beings with intensest delight, to the utter exclusion of all gloom, repining or discontent. The "blues" should never trouble a truly progressive Spiritualist, but their daily walk and conversation should be a constant expression of joy and gratitude for the happy prospect that awaits them when by patient effort they shall have placed themselves beyond the ills and shadows of progressed conditions. Oh, let us practice this beautiful lesson every hour of our lives, looking beyond our present perplexities into those higher, holier, and happier realms lying just beyond, and thus add daily to our earthly cup a foretaste of those intensified joys that await the close of a well spent life.

Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Commencing our exercises last Sunday evening, Bro. Geo. A. Plaisance read from an English publication directions for forming circles and developing mediums, which, as a whole, was very good, and it afforded ample material for an evening's discussion. The writer of this article took the ground that as a rule mediums are born such, and that without their peculiar organization no amount of sitting for development would ever make them good mediums. The writer also holds that in the developing circle not unfrequently designing persons avail themselves of the opportunity to use their influence over some negative person to that negative's injury; also, that very young children, as a rule, should be excluded from circles, believing, from experience, that such young persons are more liable to be injured than benefited thereby; that great caution should be observed in forming developing circles and great care taken lest bad results ensue, the writer believing that evil spirits can and do return under the law, and that to partially developed mediums injury might be done. To this fact, in his opinion, much of the obloquy heaped upon Spiritualism may be traced, and that we can not be too well guarded in this direction. To these statements a member of the Society took exceptions, claiming that Spiritualism is an universal good; that as God is good he can not permit evil spirits to return and influence mediums for evil purposes, and then there is no danger from the spirit side of life; that their influence is for good and only good.

Closing remarks were made by O. P. Mason, who did not claim to be a Spiritualist, but argued philosophically, making it very clear that if the good return the evil may also; that practical common sense should be used in this as in all other experiences of life. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

IT is a good sign when a man of Huxley's reputation sets to work to carefully investigate Spiritualism. He is so fair-minded that the public may expect to get an impartial decision in regard to his researches, while he is not open to the charge of any sentimentality that might warp his judgment. The Seybert Commission did some good work, but their report was too severe. There are thousands of people who half believe in Spiritualism yet who long to know whether there is really anything back of the ordinary manifestations. These people are not to be driven out of their belief by sarcasm or ridicule, such as some of the Seybert Commission indulged in. In fact the best way to make such people partisans for Spiritualism is to make sport of any ludicrous or unusual features in the manifestations at meetings. What is wanted is a calm, unbiased observer, of scientific training, who will study the phenomena of Spiritualism and tell the world what measure of genuineness there is in the work of the professional or unprofessional mediums.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

W. J. Colville's Discourse.

(Continued from First Page.)

way of saving sinners was quite common not so very many years ago, and we are not sure it has yet fallen into entire disuse. The great importance of discussing such a subject as this, is that it most nearly affects our conduct one toward another, and has a most direct and decided bearing on the treatment of offenders by the civil authority.

Now, mercy and justice never had a quarrel. Their interests were never separate. There never could be a time when justice clamored for revenge and mercy pleaded against it, for vengeance and justice are antipodal both in nature and in interest, as well as in effect. "Retribution is mine, and I will repay, saith the Eternal," is an excellent and morally elevating Scripture text, but the substitution of the word "vengeance" for "retribution" in familiar translations, utterly beclouds and spoils the moral teaching of the original. A radical reform is needed wherever the word "vengeance" is used in connection with anything just and wise, and for any theologian to talk of divine justice and wisdom, to say nothing of love, and then speak of divine vengeance, is to be guilty of a contradiction in terms, as well as to become the exponent of a highly mischievous as well as utterly false philosophy.

Shakspeare shows how utterly impossible it is for a man to be just when he seeks revenge. Shylock asks the pound of flesh which is legally his due. He can not obtain it without the shedding of blood, and the law does not permit him to shed a single drop of blood. He must forego his claim, based on his theory of just retaliation. Not until mercy illuminates the page can the moral law be beheld or executed.

We have expressed our detestation of capital punishment in previous discourses from this platform, and have urged the recognition of two only justifiable reasons for inflicting penalties upon offenders, viz.: their own reformation and the protection of society. To-night we will utter a word of protest not only against dungeon cells, transportation for life, and other cruel atrocities repugnant to the moral feeling of every humane individual, but also in opposition to that harsh government of children and of inmates of public institutions, which discords so entirely with all intelligent and merciful ideas of divine and human justice. We must be merciful in order to be just, so says Ingersoll, so say we.

Supposing a child of yours tells you a lie, and you have every reason to believe the lie was deliberate and premeditated, you feel it to be your duty to correct your offspring for the two great reasons aforesaid. If a child is allowed to lie with impunity, the habit grows upon him, and it is alike unjust and unkind to permit one entrusted to your charge to contract and develop destructive habits without doing all in your power to break him of such habits for his own good. Then it is a greater injustice to society to let an unrestrained falsifier loose upon the world than it is not to keep a child away from school when suffering from an infectious disorder. Clearly it is your duty then to do your utmost to eradicate the love of falsehood from the mind of your son or daughter, and to prevent a repetition of an offense against society.

The question now arises, How shall the reproof be administered, and what shall be its nature. Severe punishment of an unreasonable kind, reproofs administered in anger, even if reasonable to some extent when calmly given, tend to intimidate the nervous, in whom they foster deception, but in no case do they appeal to the moral nature. They are utterly powerless to arouse any noble ambition. A child whose ears are often boxed, whose head is struck, who is shut up in a dark room and kept on bread and water till he, for policy's sake, offers a sullen or tearful apology to the parent who has maltreated or incarcerated him, has usually been meditating on the pleasure of doing wrong, and the unpleasantness of being found out. To such a child, a lie becomes more than ever fascinating, and henceforth his energies are devoted to devising means for more artful lying. Thus it is not wrong to tell a lie, in such a child's estimation, but it is a great misfortune to be discovered. By inference, therefore, it is something to be proud of, something to boast of among schoolfellows and playmates who are taken into a disgraceful confidence, when one has been artful enough to do a wrong and escape detection. From among children who have been treated to retaliation, from the ranks of those who have been severely punished by strict disciplinarians who were lacking in the higher moral perceptions, innumerable recruits are always found to swell the ranks of the army of criminals we see marching through our streets to dock and dungeon, often, alas! to the hideous gallows, or yet more frightful block.

The great blessing conferred upon human thought to-day by professed metaphysical teachers and healers accrues from the stress they lay upon the inherent goodness of human nature. While no justice-loving person can gloss over iniquity and excuse malpractice, the enlightened lover of justice is equally a lover of mercy, and finds it possible to be just so as to be merciful and merciful so as to be just.

Col. Ingersoll, after having sung the praises of truthfulness and mercy, introduces intelligence for our acceptance, and in doing so, he places intellectual development in its proper place after moral culture. If we are disposed toward truth and mercy, the more we know, the more power there is placed in our hands, the better it is for society. Secular training is a priceless boon. The common schools are among the grandest institutions of America, but it needs no prophets to foretell that without an appeal being made to the deepest moral sentiments of youth, mere intellectual development is worse than vain. Knowledge is always power, but power placed in unscrupulous hands is a source of danger and terror to a community. Intelligence in its highest and fullest sense of course includes moral enlightenment, and standing in juxtaposition to truth and mercy in the creed of Ingersoll, it can mean no less to him.

If we are intelligent enough to know how to deal wisely with the evils threatening the nation, if we know enough to act effectively in a moment of danger so as to end a panic or prevent one, we have added to our faith knowledge, or in other words, our goodness of heart is supplemented and assisted by clearness of head. Simple good nature often leads to weak indulgence, and fosters many a vice the kind hearted are eager to repress, but know not how to do it. There are many tender hearted people who shrink from the thought of inflicting the slightest suffering on any sentient creature, and they are indeed noble and wise, as well as loving, when they refuse to inflict the slightest pain on any sentient thing for their own personal welfare; but when it comes to sparing the rod and spoiling the child, it is as though one were to advocate letting all prisoners, lunatics and fever patients loose upon the streets. Prisons, reformatories, hospitals, asylums, etc., should be and will be, when properly conducted, nothing more dreadful than well-appointed schools and workshops. Those placed under *surveillance* will be those who have proved themselves incompetent to govern themselves. No fixed term of imprisonment will constitute their sentence; the criminal will go to prison to be cured of a moral malady, as a lunatic can go to an asylum to be cured of insanity, and a physically diseased person to a hospital that he may be restored to soundness of physique. Why should moral maladies be treated differently from physical and mental aberrations? Mercy and justice are a unit in all instances, when both are rightly understood. Mercy says, Be kind to the offender; Justice asks, Would you not also be considerate for the general weal? Mercy replies, I can not favor one at the expense of others any more than justice can. Justice then passes a sentence favorable to mercy. Mercy speaks in tones of justice, and the two ever harmonious ones who dwell eternally together in the bosom of infinitude never need to be reconciled, for they never disagree; thus you may recommend a criminal from undue severity to mercy, or from justice to blind soft-heartedness, but a just decree is never an unmerciful one, as a merciful one can never be unjust.

To revert to the old Calvinistic idea of substitution, as instanced by the schoolboys already mentioned, we must inquire why should the teacher ever punish at all. All legal prattle concerning the dignity of law and the honor of the school is just so much antiquated misconception of the true nature of the case. Human laws are changing, and immediately they are found to conflict with human interests, need to be repealed. Law is only an expression of mind. If the intelligence of a republic improves, the laws necessarily improve. Divine Law is of course immutable, and therefore perfect, and so can not be fairly compared with the code of any school or state on earth subject to change of discipline.

The proper reason for "punishing" a child or adult is to reform, teach, and elevate him. The nature of the penalty is evil if it does not accomplish these ends. It should never be enforced to sustain the dignity of an institution any more than an operation should be performed to sustain the dignity of a surgical institute. When we see the matter in its true light, we shall regard the punishment in the light of a necessary operation performed solely in the interests of an invalid, and also in the interests of all who risk being affected, if a contagious malady is not repressed in a neighbor. Now, how brutal and idiotic would the spectacle appear were a patient who did not need the services of the surgeon's knife to come forward and be operated upon in the stead of the invalid. If a friend thought the doctors were cruelly butchering a patient more delicate and sensitive than himself, he might reasonably request to be allowed to suffer in his stead, were he imbued with the false belief that the operation was an utterly unnecessary manifestation of anger and retaliation; but when the authorities pointed out to him that the operation was for his friend's good, that perhaps it appeared to them the only way of saving his life, or at least of preventing the spread of some terrible disease, destructive alike to himself and others, his friend would be a maniac, after he understood the surgeon's motive, to offer himself as a substitute, while the doctors would be brutal and foolish in the extreme did they allow him to suffer unnecessarily.

Whenever we see criminals on their way to the reformatories of the future, we shall only feel for them as we feel for patients carried to the hospital. You often hear the remarks, "Poor fellow, I am very sorry for him, but he will be better there than at home; he is assured of the best doctoring and nursing procurable in any of our great hospitals." No thought of anger—only one of compassion—follows the sufferer to his bed of pain. That illness or accident may, however, have been the direct consequence of evil doing. A drunken brawl, a sensual excess, an angry blow may have been the only reason for his prostrate condition; still he must be pitied and cared for as a brother in distress. If he has sinned, he also suffers. It is not for us to condemn, but to help him to health, virtue, usefulness and happiness. No one refuses to employ a man recently discharged from a hospital; why then shun those who have been let out of prison? When our duty is truly done to our offending brethren, no one will be put in prison but for his reformation; no one will be let out until he has proved himself able to use wisely the privilege of liberty; no one will be kept within prison walls after he has shown himself morally strong enough to live outside them, and no one will be turned adrift upon an unsympathetic world with no means of honest maintenance. Work should be found for every released convict, as no one can reasonably be expected to live virtuously when no opportunity of doing so is afforded him. We have punished iniquity long enough; and punishment has not availed. We must now set to work to stamp it out, to literally destroy evil, to lay the ax of reform at the root of every poisonous tree, and root up every weed infesting our garden. The old idea of punishment has led people to believe either that the wicked will be tormented forever, or else utterly destroyed. The former theory is too terrible to retain its hold much longer on any portion of a thinking community; the latter, however, which is much milder, but also fallacious, has gained currency, not only among church people, who have revolted against the doctrine of perpetual torment, but also among theosophists who have failed to grasp the inner meanings of that ancient esoteric doctrine they study so devoutly.

Religious ideas are practically momentous, as they influence speech and conduct. Thus we can not part with moral, spiritual, or strictly speaking, religious culture in the public schools. The difficulty has ever been to distinguish between simple morals and religious dogmas, and we are sure every advocate of sound, practical, ethical teaching will be thankful to Col. Ingersoll for letting the public see that a champion of agnosticism, a reputed infidel, has some definite ideas of morality, and prizes truth, justice, and mercy as highly as any Jew or Christian. We have always advocated the complete secularization of the state, but not of the individual. We have always set our faces against the non-taxation of church property, and even against the reading of the Bible in the public schools. We have even gone so far as to suggest the erasure of the word God and the substitution of such a word as justice, equity, or truth in the inscription on the American coinage, solely because of the respect we consider due to those whose ideas upon religious matters differ from our own, and differ still more widely from the general beliefs of all who can justly lay claim to the title "orthodox," either in Christian or Jewish circles.

The point we are always aiming at in all our moral teachings is to distinguish between morality, pure and simple, and adherence to certain religious ideas accompanied by attendance upon places of worship and the study of a literature commonly called sacred. Now it would be suicidal to the interests of the State and to the safety of the community to ignore morals, and therefore tacitly sanction immorality. We know that a vast amount of evil takes its rise in *no* moral training, as well as in the advocacy, or at least tacit endorsement, of such views and practices as undermine the morals of the world. Ingersoll is happily a thorough moralist, and doubtless his children receive from their parents (the most proper of all people to convey it) the soundest ethical instruction. Whether Ingersoll's creed goes far enough, in its spirit and affirmations, to completely supply the necessity we all feel for a definite declaration, is an open and quite another question. Whatever may be its lack, so far as incentive to morality is concerned, (and people seem to be in absolute need of definite spiritual revelation) all must admit, so far as it goes (and it really goes quite a long way) it sanctions only virtue, and by inference distinctly reprehends vice. *No* idea of God is clearly an improvement upon a degrading idea of the Supreme Being, and for that reason we welcome the agnosticism of to-day in preference to the horrible theology of yesterday.

Materialism is a relief from the idea of infinite vengeance and endless suffering, but it is clearly unsatisfactory even to those who advocate it. We have only to listen to their speeches and read their publications to be convinced that materialistic ideas are far too barren and comfortless to support those who advocate them in their hours of sorrow and bereavement. They may be brave with the courage of the stoics, who boast of their perfect resignation to the inevitable; but stoicism sheds no light and kindles no hope in the human breast; it offers no added misery to the mourner by conjuring up a hell of devouring flame into which all unbelievers must be cast, but while it does not terrify us with the Christian's hell, it robs us at the same time of every hope of heaven. Ingersoll is always breaking away from materialism. His temperament is so sanguine he can not but be hopeful. When he can not affirm he will not deny. So, when, in the third article of his creed, he says, "The time to be happy is now, and the place to be happy is here," he does not necessarily deny immortality any more than did a Christian apostle when he said with emphasis, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Even Jesus himself seems to have laid such peculiar stress on seizing the moment as it flies, that many people have objected to some of his teachings, because he said, "Be not anxious for the morrow."

The Jewish Scriptures say very little about life beyond the grave, the object of this silence being the intense desire of Moses and his successors to keep the minds of the people so fixed on their present duties that, instead of living in an anticipated future, neglecting the now to dream of a coming time, neglecting the here to speculate on a hereafter, as many people unfortunately do to their own and others' detriment, they might be prepared for all coming time and all possible happiness beyond the grave, through a faithful and diligent preparation such as a noble life from day to day can alone afford. There is, however, another side to the picture. To many people everything is in a motive, an ideal. How hard it is to tread a dreary, monotonous path uncheered by the assurance of a brighter prospect ahead. Ingersoll is a happy man, jovial, healthy, hearty; in the prime of a vigorous manhood, most agreeably situated from a worldly point of view. His home is his delight; his means are ample; he is, in a word, in truly affluent circumstances, and may well ask the fleeting hour to stay. Such a man, however broad his sympathies with suffering and poverty-stricken humanity, can never fully realize how much more necessary to the poor and unhappy are spiritual consolations than to those in health, wealth and prosperity. When Ingersoll says, "The time to be happy is now, and the place here," he must know that multitudes have so hard a struggle to eke out a subsistence, and have so many trials and difficulties to encounter, that happiness, for them, is not so easily procurable as for him whose lines have fallen in pleasant places, who has a very fine fig tree and well spreading vine to sit under, to employ a familiar ancient metaphor. He may answer and so may others, "We should think little of ourselves and much of others; we should be happy in making others happy;" and his answer would be indeed true; his advice would indeed be sound; but from the days when Seneca put forth the same thought—from the time when Confucius proclaimed it in China, and Socrates in Greece—yea, and long before their time, when the earliest moralists of the world preached the old and ever new gospel of doing all for others—though altruism has indeed been the noblest philosophy it has gained much, and never lost one iota of its value, by being coupled with a clear and elevating conception of human individual immortality.

To revert, for a moment, before closing, to the ideas of endless punishment and annihilation for the wicked, both of which are still promulgated in different sections of the Christian church—we object to the influence of them both upon society; for, while the latter is far less hideous and merciless than the former, they both teach the incorrigibility of certain human beings. They declare that men can sin beyond redemption, or the possibility of redemption. This error, expressed in legislation, supports capital punishment, transportation and imprisonment for life, and other hateful barbarisms to the overthrowing of which all truly humane and enlightened persons are directing their most zealous efforts.

Whatever opinion some of you may have formed of metaphysics—however prejudiced some of you may be against what is commonly called Christian Science, you must all admit that the system has one great redeeming feature, and that is its refusal to regard any one as incorrigibly wicked or hopelessly lost. We, most of us, actually need a spiritual impetus, or we falter on our journey, and fail in the accomplishment of our reformatory work. We need to see with the eye of the spirit a happy time and blessed place when and where all we undertake to help stand before us arrayed in the white robes of purity, cleansed from all defilement. We need to hear with our spiritual ears a song of triumph over all unworthiness proceeding from the lips of those who now utter falsehood and curses. If we are to strive to be truly happy, now and here, we venture to say we can not become thoroughly so. We can not, as a people, whatever exceptional individuals may accomplish, do our best, most thorough and successful work to raise our weaker brethren, unless we are cheered and strengthened in some degree by a hold on immortality. If you can be just, true, merciful, intelligent, philanthropic, useful and happy, as Ingersoll would have you, without any knowledge of the beyond, all we can say is, you are highly privileged individuals, and must enjoy dispositions of exceptional amiability. For you life after seeming death will be a beautiful and most welcome surprise—perhaps all the more beautiful and all the more welcome because you did not look forward to it; but for the majority, at least, true Spiritualism, divested of all extraneous matter, free from all belittling superstitions and foolish fears, offers solid comfort and help, unrivalled by all other systems of philosophy. Pure and unadulterated Spiritualism teaches what Ingersoll teaches in the first three articles of the noble creed we have reviewed to-night.

In our next Sunday evening's consideration of the three remaining articles we shall endeavor to show how True Spiritualism transcends Ingersollism, and that, while extolling reason, it gives due place also for heaven-sent intuition, its lovely counterpart and queen.

SAM JONES never misses a chance to pour in hot shot for prohibition. At Lakeside, the other day, he told his audience of four thousand people, "To say prohibition does not prohibit in Atlanta is one of the devil's blackest lies. I'll give any one of you fifty dollars for every drink you can buy in my town, and if you are 'short,' and would like to try it, I'll pay your fare down there. I've been making this offer for nigh onto two years, and have had to pay only one fifty dollars as yet. But I got the worth of my money out of that fifty dollars, for the fellow who won it had to come into court and swear he bought the whisky, and where he got it, and we have the fellow who sold it in the penitentiary."

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GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

AN IMPENETRABLE GLOOM.

Did you ever, dear reader, consider how dark and impenetrable is the gloom of materialism in the hour of death?

There passed on from a town in New Hampshire a few weeks ago, a talented and beautiful woman—a loved wife and daughter,—aged twenty-five years. She was, as we are informed by the *Boston Investigator*, "an outspoken Free-thinker, and died as she had lived, in the light of reason." It was her earnest request, we are further told, "to have services at her funeral which should be in harmony with her thought and faith, and that no Christian minister should officiate." Her request was faithfully complied with. A short and eloquent address was delivered at her funeral, from a materialistic standpoint of belief, some extracts from which we propose to make the text of a few brief comments. The speaker said:

> I have no key that fits the lock of the future, no power to turn silence into speech, and bring a message of life from the lips of death.

What an admission to make in this day and age when tens of thousands *do* have the "key" that unlocks the silence of death. In fact death is no longer silent. To those who will lend a listening ear she speaks in many ways and by many voices. The loved ones whose mortal forms you have laid away in the grave, will come to you through the entranced lips of the living, or they will write to you independently between closed slates, or they will temporarily rehabilitate themselves in matter, and become a tangible entity to your touch and sight, and they will tell you that they are not dead, but that in the new world of light and love whither they have gone, they are really more alive than ever before. They will assure you that no bond of affection has been severed—no thought of love forgotten. Again:

> I have watched the blackness of the night change to the light of the dawn, and the splendor of the day made me forget the gloom of darkness that my eyes could not pierce; but human knowledge can not dispel the night of grief, nor words heal the wound of death.

Very true; but human knowledge of a future state of existence may lift the pall from the stricken heart. It may take from death its sting—its horror of annihilation, and its infinitely greater horror of eternal punishment. The soul may be wrung with agony, and the fountain of the affections broken up, in the presence or at the thought of death; but the absolute knowledge that it is only a brief separation at most, and that with such spiritual unfoldment as is possible for all it may be in reality no separation at all—this knowledge must surely lighten the tomb with a scintillant ray of hope and joy. The speaker further said:

> In this hour of sadness, think of her bright and happy life, and, though the bride of death, behold her in robes of joy. Let us think of the joyous past, of the glad hours of girlhood, of the sweet hopes of womanhood, of what she was and all she did. This is our compensation; this is our consolation; this is our light in the night of grief.

There certainly can be no "compensation" or "consolation," in such a thought. Indeed the brighter and more beautiful her past the greater the woe at her demise. If death ended forever such a bright young life—one just entering upon earth's most earnest activities—then indeed would there be cause for grief—such grief as would drape the heavens in black.

Take everything like an infinite purpose or design out of creation; call the stupendous fact of human existence a result of force or blind energy; believe that all conscious being ceases with death; let the death of this young woman be regarded as simply an abortive attempt of unreasoning nature to bring to full fruition a promising young life; look at it in whatever light you may, exclusive of that of continued existence, and the thought that such horrors can exist in nature is enough to crush from the heart every thought or impulse of gladness.

We can conceive of nothing quite so sad as the rayless night of this young woman's death, and the hopeless nature of the words spoken at the funeral.

—Mrs. Barrett, of Soquel, obtained a fine spirit picture of her father, drawn independently, on the under surface of a slate in her own hands, through the mediumship of Fred Evans, one evening last week. On the under surface of another slate, at the same time, she received five messages from spirit friends, all written in a close resemblance of their own handwriting, and with none of which could the medium have possibly been familiar.

STRANGE INCONSISTENCY.

A correspondent, elsewhere, calls attention to the publication recently of a remarkable instance of spirit power, in one of our leading religious journals—a journal that denounces as fraud and trickery the phenomena claimed by Spiritualists as evidences of spirit existence.

There is surely a striking inconsistency in this; but incidents of a similar character are of frequent occurrence. Our religious papers, as well as the sermons of Christian ministers, abound in recitals of incidents and phenomena which all intelligent Spiritualists know to be precisely of the same character as that with which they are familiar.

In fact, no good Christian can be other than a Spiritualist; he can not if he believes his Bible. He may believe more or less than the average Spiritualist; but the fact of spirit existence, and the presence and communion of spirits with mortals, he can not ignore, unless he is a Seventh Day Adventist, or "Soul Sleeper," and that sect can hardly be regarded as a Christian sect—certainly not of an evangelical order. They will tell you of "the spirits of just men made perfect, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." They will sing to you, at their revival meetings,—

> "There are angels hovering round
> To carry the tidings home."

They will tell you of "the cloud of witnesses," from the spirit side of life, who are watching the course of every human being—of "ministering spirits," who are ever present to serve those who "love the Lord."

Spiritualists claim that there is no monopoly in spiritual gifts—that wherever the right conditions are found to exist, denizens of the other world may return and communicate with their friends in earth-life. These conditions are found in the churches and out of them, and among all classes of people.

Spiritualists have discovered another fact, which the church is slow to accept, and that is that there is no place of eternal punishment in God's universe for any of his erring children. They have learned that what we call sin is the result of man's undeveloped spiritual condition; that heredity and environment, for which none of us is responsible, make and unmake men; and that the human race, in spite of all obstacles, is slowly struggling up the hights of eternal progression.

Herein Spiritualism is far more reasonable than Christianity. It holds that there is room enough in the boundless regions of space for every soul that exists, and time enough to bring all into harmony with the All-Good."

It will not do, much longer, for Christians to deny the evidences of Spiritualism. Our facts are too general and of too stupendous a character to be pushed aside as cheats and delusions.

"THE LIFE OF TRADE."

It is an old adage that "competition is the life of trade." It is no doubt true that the more mediums we have, the more public meetings, and the more earnest workers in the field, the better it is for all.

The cause of Spiritualism is moving forward in this community with giant strides. Never before in the history of the movement has it made so rapid a growth as now. To this end our excellent lecturers and mediums are all contributing; and the more one does the more is there for others to do.

This fact being susceptible of demonstration, there is not the slightest occasion for friction between the various efforts now being made to bring our beautiful philosophy home to the hearts and consciences of the people. There is really not the least occasion for anything like opposition between the various workers or meetings. All are striving for a common purpose—the spread of truth.

The people will naturally go where they are most interested—where they can obtain spiritual food best adapted to their needs. Hence, we find in the multitude of investigators and believers, that the meetings are all well attended, and no doubt they would be if there were several more.

The great drawback to the spread of Spiritualism to-day, as rapidly as it may be advancing—the principal cause of inharmony in our ranks—is the lack of spirituality among us. We are too much like other people—too selfish and uncharitable. The seeds of the new gospel have sprouted in many lives, and the good work is gaining ground; but the spiritual nature of multitudes is yet in the shell. It will come out all right some day; but we must give it time.

We should all try to go up higher, into the purer air and brighter light of a more complete and beautiful manhood and womanhood—get where love and good will toward our fellow mortals are the dominating principles of our lives. Once we attain to these sublime and divine hights we shall have left behind all jarring and discord—all the meanness and narrowness of spirit that work such havoc with our happiness on these lower planes of life.

Let us try to be reasonable and magnanimous; and, especially, let us be charitable.

MR. EVANS AND THE SEYBERT COMMISSION.

Some months ago we addressed a letter to Mr. Furness, Acting Chairman of the Seybert Commission, in which we stated that if the Commission were desirous of demonstrating the fact of the existence of an intelligent occult force in the universe capable of producing written messages within closed slates, that we thought the proof could be given them through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, of this city, and that, with their permission, if arrangements could be made for expenses, we would be pleased to accompany him before them. We enclosed in our letter a printed slip giving an account of Prof. Alfred Wallace's experiments with this medium. This letter we never heard from. Perhaps from misdirection, or some other cause, it never reached him.

Bro. C. M. Brown, editor of the *Eastern Star*, of Bangor, Maine, has had better success, as the following correspondence will show:

> OFFICE OF THE EASTERN STAR,
> BANGOR, Me., Sept. 13, 1887.
>
> DEAR BRO. EVANS:—I enclose you a letter I received from the Acting Chairman of the Seybert Commission. I wrote him that you were ready to meet him at any time under their own conditions. You can see what he says. You are at liberty to use it provided I am properly credited with the correspondence. I have just written him a reply stating that you were coming East, but I did not know exactly when, and that you would be only too happy to meet him and his Hoorable Body. When are you going to strike this part of the country? Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, Fraternally yours, C. M. BROWN.

Following is a copy of Mr. Furness' letter referred to in the foregoing:

> WALLINGFORD P. O., Delaware Co., Pa., Sept. 3, '87.
> MR. C. M. BROWN, THE EASTERN STAR, GUNBURN, MAINE—DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for sending us the name of Mr. Fred Evans, of California. We shall be still more obliged if you will kindly let us know when Mr. Evans comes Eastward, and is so far accessible that we may have the pleasure of witnessing the manifestations of his power. I remain, Yours respectfully,
> HORACE HOWARD FURNESS,
> Acting Chairman Seybert Commission.

So, it seems likely that the Commission may yet have an opportunity to witness the phenomenon of independent writing upon slates held in their own hands, and without the shadow of a suspicion of deception. The only hitch now in the way is the matter of expenses. We shall write to Mr. Furness again, now that we know his exact address, (our former letter was directed to the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia,) and ascertain what, if anything, the Commission are willing to contribute toward paying the expenses of the trip. Perhaps there may be some on this coast who would be willing to aid in the good work.

MIND READING.

We have had several exhibitions of the remarkable powers of that eminent psychometrist, Mr. Irving Bishop, in this city the past week, and right well has he succeeded in befogging the minds of materialists and some others as to the nature of his performance.

The question will naturally be asked, What is mind reading, and how is it accomplished? All intelligent Spiritualists agree that man possesses what is known as a sixth sense, or sense of intuition. It is sometimes called the psychometric sense. This sense or faculty belongs to the spiritual nature of all persons, but is highly developed only in a very few. The wife of Prof. Wm. Denton possessed it in a marked degree, as illustrated in Prof. Denton's most interesting work entitled, "The Soul of Things." We know several persons in this city who possess the same faculty, and who, no doubt, with a little practice could perform the same wonders as those witnessed at Mr. Bishop's exhibitions.

The explanation of the performance may be given thus: Every person is surrounded by an aura, or atmosphere, which especially belongs to him or her. It is a peculiar magnetic emanation from the body, discernible to the clairvoyant vision of sensitives, and is light or dark, as the spiritual nature of the individual is pure and refined, or coarse, selfish and undeveloped. Upon this aura is registered every thought and act of one's life, which may be read as from the pages of an open book by the highly developed psychometrist.

In the light of this truth it is apparent that the time is coming in the spiritual unfoldment of the race, and in the exercise of this psychometric faculty, when the iniquities of no individual can be concealed from the world, but the most secret thoughts and crimes of undeveloped natures will confront them at every point.

The claim of Mr. Bishop, as we are informed, that the exercise of this faculty is all that there is genuine in the phenomena of Spiritualism, is simply an advertisement of his ignorance to the world. And his foolish banter, as we are further informed, that he can perform, as a trick of legerdemain, all the phases of phenomena witnessed in the presence of any spirit medium, is simply the froth and and fustian of the braggart. He can simply do nothing of the kind. He can not produce a simple spirit rap, unless he is a medium for that phase. We concede that he is an excellent psychometrist, and it is quite possible that he may possess other phases of development; but evidently not, or he would set up no such ignorant or foolish claim.

—Mrs. Lizzie Fulton, a trance, test and healing medium, from Kansas City, and Mrs. Effie Moss, a materializing medium, from New York City, arrived in this city a few days ago, and have taken rooms at 1037 Mission street. See their cards on 5th page.

—We shall publish, next week, "An Open Letter to the Seybert Commission," by Hon. A. B. Richmond, a prominent lawyer of Meadville, Pa. It is a masterly review of the question the Commissioners were selected to pass upon, and of their course relating thereto.

MR. COLVILLE'S MEETINGS.

On Sunday last, October 2d, W. J. Colville's morning lecture at Odd Fellows' Hall was on "Education in Spirit Life." The lecturer commenced by highly commending the excellent article on the "New Education," published in the last issue of the GOLDEN GATE; also Dr. Buchanan's admirable work (on sale at this office). Passing on to a consideration of true education, which should never be confounded with anything adverse to natural development, the idea was broached that each individual on earth has a special mission to accomplish, a definite work to perform, which no other can do in his stead. This work is not confined to man's sojourn on earth. He carries his aptitude with him into spirit life, and in the spirit world continues to develop his own especial talent. In the countless cycles of eternity each one of us may become proficient in every department of knowledge, but during our present cycle of experience we must confine our special efforts to some one particular employment. Men of one idea (interpreting that often misapplied phrase in its deepest and broadest sense) are invariably successful. We can scarcely point to a solitary instance of a truly great man or woman having more than one leading project in life. Many works may range themselves around a central sphere of occupation, and an occupation itself may embrace many parts and be divided into many sections; and it is furthermore true that symmetrical culture should be our special aim, while we must never forget that a change of work is necessary to health, success, and happiness.

But granting all this, there must be a given object in life, one thing must be attended to as the work of life, and this occupation must be discovered rather than chosen. It must find us out before we discover and choose it. Whenever a person finds his true vocation, that vocation elects him, and usually it makes itself known in early childhood. Parents and teachers should carefully study every child committed to their charge with a view to helping them to see and adorn their special niche in the great temple of humanity.

The closing portion of the lecture was devoted to a consideration of the spiritual gifts of children. The lyceum idea was highly praised, though many measures, often in vogue, were criticised. The complaint was that too little definite spiritual instruction is given to and by the children, while too much display accompanies the performances of the young people. Songs and recitations are good in their place, but a spiritual lyceum should be a school in which every learner is a teacher, and every teacher a scholar. Thus the true democratic idea should be fully carried out in a spirit of delightful freedom and fraternal intercourse. Children should be encouraged to give forth such inspirations or ideas as they may receive or hold, and were this plan fully carried out the school could be divided into several pleasant and harmonious groups in which latent spiritual talent would be brought out to the edification of old as well as young. There is no reason why we should not have Samuels in modern days who can reveal more than the Elis concerning spiritual things.

The youthful mind is peculiarly receptive and free from prejudice. Dogmas should never be forced upon it, but it should be encouraged to unfold as we water our flowers and place them in positions favorable to their growth without ever attempting to change their nature. The equal education of boys and girls was warmly advocated. No education can be too liberal for a mother. The higher education will not make her masculine, but will make her feminine beauty more graceful and attractive still. All must admit that a woman who is intelligent as well as pure wields the mightiest influence of all in the world for good.

In the afternoon many questions of a deeply interesting character received telling replies. In the evening the lecture was on "Reason and Intuition." It deals with the latter half of Ingersoll's creed, and will be published in the GOLDEN GATE week after next. It forms a supplement to the one we give our readers in the current issue.

The poems following the lectures were particularly pleasing; many persons express a desire to see them in print, but they are invariably hard to report and produce, and one of their leading charms is the circumstance of their spontaneous delivery on subjects suggested by the audience.

The music was a marked feature all day. The gem of all the selections was the trio after the evening lecture exquisitely rendered by Mme. Bishop, Miss Joy and Mr. Maguire, accompanied by a brilliant young pianist, one of Miss Joy's pupils.

TRUE GOSPEL.

It is proposed by some Church of England clergymen to introduce a bill next year into the House of Commons providing for the greater liberty of clergymen and non-conformist ministers to preach in others' pulpits. This "greater liberty" ought to give clergymen the undisputed right to discuss all questions relating to the public and country's welfare.

But the non-conformists themselves seem to be making a counter movement against those one would naturally suppose to be more conservative in all respects. Several non-conformist laymen of London lately held a preliminary meeting to take measures against the intrusion of politics into the pulpit.

One thing can be said of ministers who interest themselves in politics, which alone should give them the right to take political issue, and enlighten their congregation on a matter that is of interest to all; they always get a correct view, and true idea of the party questions of the day. They do not mingle with the tumultuous throng, and never get confused; they look over it and see clearly the motives and objects that impel each faction, and they see distinctly the right.

One of our greatest political powers, during the Rebellion, was the lamented Beecher, and certainly his power for good, in his special field, was in no degree lessened. The origin, nature, and tendency of political, State, or country issues, all should be familiar with, and we hold that no class are more capable of enlightening the public than ministers of the gospel. Right ideas and correct principles on any subject, is, and should always be, accepted as good gospel, for they make the man.

SPIRITUAL WORK IN SAN JOSE.

It is very gratifying to read the favorable and extensive reports of W. J. Colville's lectures in the San Jose daliy journals. Last Thursday, Oct. 6th, the *Times* gave a full column and a half, and the *Mercury* nearly a column. We have no space for these elaborate articles, but will give our readers a brief outline of them as an evidence of the favorable attitude of the secular press toward spiritual subjects. The lecture was spoken of in the highest terms, and the lecturer highly praised for his method of presenting his attractive theme. Well merited recognition was also paid to the active, earnest efforts of several distinguished ladies who formed themselves into an honorary committee to co-operate with Mr. Heath in securing the success of every business arrangement.

Germania Hall is a pleasant room, seating about four hundred persons; it is well lighted and ventilated, has a commodious stage and an excellent piano. The acoustics are all that can be desired. Thus the audiences assembled under very favorable auspices and maintained the closest attention from the commencement to the end. The *Mercury* says of W. J. Colville: "As a prelude he sung in a sweet, melodious voice." "The discourse," it says, "was delivered in a clear, audible and melodious voice." It follows with a pertinent quotation from W. J. Colville's admirable work, "Spiritual Science of Health and Healing," (on sale at this office) which, in its turn, is followed by a concise epitome of the five points specially emphasized, which are as follows:

1. Belief in Infinite Goodness.
2. Belief in man as in the likeness of the Infinite Good.
3. Faith, a spiritual excellence, synonymous with faithfulness (not theologic belief), as necessary to health and happiness.
4. Prayer, the highest form of spiritual effort necessary to obtain knowledge and possession of God's (through nature) choicest gifts.
5. Fasting, meaning the utter subjection of the animal propensities to the spirit.

Though W. J. Colville does not employ the phrase Christian Science himself, he expresses himself perfectly at one with the aim and object of all workers who honestly employ that term; at the same time he disagrees decidedly with Mrs. Eddy's followers in their repudiation of the fact of Spiritualism.

The audiences were composed of persons of every shade of opinion, and it was therefore a felicitous circumstance that the subject was treated in a many-sided manner.

Next Wednesday, Oct. 12th, in the same place class meets at 2:30. Public lecture, 8 P. M. Subject to be chosen by the audience. Music and poem will add to the attraction.

PEACE.—How times and things have changed! Only a few decades ago, and England's potentate was giving us strict orders as to what we might do, and what we might not do, telling us what the consequences would be if we did it, etc., etc. Now, October is to chronicle the arrival in our country of twelve members of the House of Commons, who may be coming to see the land we possess and what it supports, but they are coming on business, too, for they are to present a memorial, asking that differences arising between America and England, which can not be adjusted by diplomatic agency, shall be referred to arbitration. Andrew Carnegie will introduce the gentlemen to President Cleveland. Truly, "nothing succeeds like success," and none are given so much respect in this world as those who possess power, whatever it is. Uncle Sam is not so aged, but he has fought and won many a battle which he was forced into both on land and sea, the laurels he has gained being still fresh enough to remind all comers that he is still formidable. But "Peace" is his motto, and nothing will engage him more readily than the subject of arbitration; so welcome to our English legislators, to whose mission we can safely predict success.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY.—A crowded house greeted the return of Mrs. Whitney to the public platform, Sunday evening, it being the opening of a series of meetings to be held at Irving Hall, Post street. This grand medium was never in better condition, nor ever gave finer tests. She spoke for nearly an hour, with a fluency and rapidity rarely heard. The tests, too, were of that positive and conclusive character which carried conviction to her hearers. There were names and relationships given of which Mrs. Whitney, in and of herself, could have known nothing. One chief charm in Mrs. Whitney's public ministrations is her perfect ease on the rostrum, and the kindly atmosphere which seems ever to pervade all she says and does. She passes into the unconscious state and again to consciousness, without the slightest apparent effort. She has a fine, attractive stage presence, and so pleasing a manner that she wins golden opinions from as large, intellectual and spiritual audiences as congregate anywhere in the city. She will hold another seance, at the same place, next Sunday evening.

—Attention is respectfully called to the change of time for W. J. Colville's classes in Spiritual Science at Encampment Hall. They now meet every Monday and Thursday at 2:30 and 8 P. M., it having been found that the majority could more conveniently attend in the afternoon than in the morning. The classes now in session end with October 20. New classes begin October 24th at same place and time.

RECEPTION BY DR. AND MRS. ROGERS.

The reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers, at their residence, 524 Eddy street, on Wednesday evening last, was a brilliant success. Nearly one hundred of our foremost people responded to neat invitations which had previously been issued. Their new home, which has just been fitted up, presents, in all its minor belongings, the stamp of true artistic skill; "rich, not gaudy," is expressed in every detail. The roseate hue of harmony blends and interblends so perfectly throughout that the esthetic feels the touch of its magical wand the moment he crosses the threshold. Beside the handsome works of art, among the number being some of Dr. Rogers' fine spirit portraits, and many bits of elegant bric-a-brac that adorn their commodious parlors, was added the cullings of grace and beauty from Flora's kingdom. The same exquisite taste was displayed in these decorations as elsewhere,—nothing that could mar the most cultured instinct. Smilax, and other tender trailers hung gracefully from archways, windows and pictures, intertwined with choice flowers of delicate hue and perfume.

The host and hostess won the admiration of all for their excellent entertaining qualities. Entertaining is not a lost art with Dr. and Mrs. Rogers. They are thoroughly well-bred and refined persons, and the Spiritualists of San Francisco have reason to feel proud of the acquisition of two so eminently fitted, socially and professionally, to bring credit to their cause.

The Doctor is a young man whose fine spiritual powers have been developed within the past two years. He is prepossessing in appearance, and his general manner insures confidence in his integrity and honor in any walk in life. He is ably seconded in his good work by his wife.

Mrs. Rogers is of the blonde type of beauty, with that particular shade of golden hair which many a beauty would give a small fortune to possess, and large, expressive blue eyes. She was dressed in faultless taste, and looked charming in her soft, clinging gown of white material, trimmed in swansdown. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. May Mozart, Mrs. Olive M. Washburn and Mrs. J. J. Owen. Mr. Mozart, too, proved of valuable assistance in presenting the guests, and making every one feel at home.

Few and appropriate words of welcome were spoken by Wm. Emmette Coleman, Hon. Amos Adams, Dr. Albert Morton, Hon. I. C. Steele, Mrs. Mozart, Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Wilson and J. J. Owen. Dr. and Mrs. Rogers responded in a feeling manner. The evening was further enlivened by vocal and instrumental music. Mme. Fries-Bishop and Mr. Jos. Maguire each gave a vocal solo to the evident pleasure of all, and also a duet. Miss Etta Hammond gave a very exquisite cornet solo. A young lady, whose name we failed to get, gave several piano selections which were much enjoyed, as was the singing by Daisy May Cressy.

Elaborate refreshments were served during the evening which were superintended by a caterer of the first class. Everything was inviting in this department, and was partaken of with a relish by all the guests. The utmost good feeling prevailed, and, taken all in all, the reception was a social triumph unequalled by any effort of the kind in the spiritualistic society of this city.

Regrets were received from W. J. Colville, Judge and Mrs. Spencer, of San Jose; R. A. Nuttall, of San Luis Obispo; Mr. G. A. Barnes, of Olympia, W. T.; Mr. and Mrs. Morse, and other prominent persons. Among those present were the following.

Mrs. Judge Conway, Los Angeles, Hon. Amos Adams, Mrs. Nellie G. Aylsworth, Mrs. Dr. Nellie Beighle and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs D. H. Peterson, Hon. J. S. Hittell, Hyland Coley and Miss Addie Moore of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cressy, Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hammond, Miss Etta Hammond, Miss Laura Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Flagg, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, Wm. Emmette Coleman, Dr. Albert Morton, Judge Burke and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Shearer, Mr. and Mrs. Westheimer, Mrs. J. G. Wilson, Mr. Jos. W. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Waltham, J. J. Owen and wife, Dr. Stone, Capt. and Mrs. B. B. Bliss, Dr. D. J. Stansbury and wife, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, Dr. Crane and wife, St. Hetena, Hon. I. C. Steele, Pescadero, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mozart, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Spencer, H. S. Cogle, S. B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Schafer, Dr. and Mrs. Moore, Madame M. Fries Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, C. Grosjean, San Rafael:

THE OLD QUESTION ANSWERED.—A case came to our knowledge a few days ago, which we regard as one satisfactory answer to the oft repeated question, "What good has Spiritualism done?" A mother, residing on Mission street, in this city, passed on to spirit life a few months ago, leaving a wild, hoodlum boy, of some ten or twelve years of age, to make his way to manhood without her earthly care. He is said to have been rough in manners, disobedient to his parents, and altogether a terror to the neighborhood where he resided. But the mother's spirit, disincumbered of the body, was able to so develop the mediumistic nature of the boy that he could see and converse with her. She became his teacher and guardian, and was able to accomplish a work of reformation with him that she could not do in the form. The boy listens to her instruction, and has completely reformed his ways. He is now a model lad,—gentle, kind and obedient, and all as the result of the teachings of his spirit mother.

ONE EXTREME.—The world of fashion is like a vast pendulum that swings to both extremes, but never stops in the middle until it is dead. That is not a pleasing society report that comes from Paris of six married women of title. It says these women have disscarded the conventional dress of their sex and donned man's attire; that they wear short hair and drive dog-carts, the same in style used by their sporting countrymen. It is a pity that those who have the power can not be endowed with the good sense and discretion to adopt a sensible mode of life and dress that would appeal to all whose being is burdened with the false responsibilities of fashionable living. To do this it does not seem necessary to become masculine in custom or attire; but the one might be more robust, and the other more comfortable all the year round, without in the least detracting from delicacy or beauty. Such ultra steps as those Parisian ladies have taken, are soon retraced, and they disgust rather than impress one with any desire for a sensible reform, so much needed in feminine life.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The sociable given by the Spiritual Union, on Tuesday evening last, was a grand success. All present enjoyed the occasion highly.

—The friends in Tulare and Merced must patiently wait for the spirit to "move," before we can visit them. Until we get the word there would be no good in going.

—Mr. J. J. Morse will lecture before the Spiritual Union, at St. Andrew's Hall, on Wednesday evening next. The meetings of this Society are rapidly increasing in interest.

—Those of our contemporaries who are borrowing trouble about a fool advertisement that happened to appear in our columns a few week ago, would no doubt please their readers better by devoting their brilliant energies to improving the quality of their own journals.

—Mrs. Olive M. Washburn, the "good Samaritan," has our thanks for a box of luscious samples of grapes and peaches grown on the Washburn ranch, in the hills near San Jose, on the road to Mt. Hamilton. The fruit-producing qualities of their ranch are well demonstrated in these fine samples.

—As Jesse Shepard, the phenomenal vocalist and medium, is known the "wide world over," a description of his beautiful art palace, just completed in San Diego, known as the "Villa Montezuma," which we publish elsewhere, will be of interest to all Spiritualists. Mr. Shepard's lines have evidently fallen in pleasant places, whereat we rejoice.

—W. J. Colville and Chas. H. Heath commenced their work in San Jose at Germania Hall, Wednesday, October 5th, where a class in Spiritual Science will meet every Wednesday at 2:30 P. M., and a public lecture take place at 8 P. M. So far the prospects are very encouraging. Great interest prevails, and several influential ladies deserve warm thanks for their efficient efforts to interest their friends.

—At Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, W. J. Colville's theosophical lesson will be on "The Theosophical Ideas Contained in Brahminism, or the Most Ancient Secret Doctrine of Hindoostan." Questions are invited after the address. The exercises, Oct. 1st, when "Egyptian Theosophy" was the subject, were intensely interesting. The class has now one hundred and ten regular members; in addition many visitors attend.

—At Odd Fellows' Hall, Sunday, Oct. 9th, W. J. Colville's subjects will be: 10:45 A. M., a harvest sermon, "The Sower and the Seed;" 2:45 P. M., answers to questions; 7:30 P. M., "What is the True Explanation of Irving Bishop's Mind Reading, and what is its Proper Relation to Spiritualism?" The services, especially in the morning, will partake of the nature of a harvest festival. The platform will be adorned with choice flowers and fruit. Special music, appropriate to the occasion, will be rendered.

Correction.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In my inquiry on the 24th ult., "If it was not his wife, what was it?", your typos, from the obscurity of my writing, no doubt, made me say "priest" instead of jurist, as I intended.

If this were a mere distinction without essential difference, as is often the case with typographical errors, I would not request correction; but none of your readers should be misled into a belief that an ecclesiastic reaches his verdict by the same process as the jurist, or that one is easily found who is "profoundly skilled in the rules of evidence.

The priest is satisfied with heresy, or second-hand testimony, so far as it corroborates his written creed, and he holds the legends of tradition as sacred. The jurist, on the contrary, ignores all this kind of evidence, and seeks justice through witnesses who testify to what they themselves know instead of telling the court what other people claim to know.

But if a priest confesses that these phenomena occur—if the learned jurist admits that he saw, heard and felt, what indicated to his senses, men, women and children in a room into which he knew it was impossible for any human or animal being to enter without passing through solid walls and then as mysteriously disappear by sinking into a solid floor or dissolving into thin air, and still denies that they were human beings, I hold and have a right logically to hold that the *onus probandi* falls on him to explain what they were.

"If it was not his wife, what was it?"

G. B. C.

Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Moore's "Revealed Remedy."

The office of the GOLDEN GATE was on Monday last favored with the presence of W. Van Waters, Esq., of Seattle, W. T. Mr. Van Waters is an ex-railroad man, having been in the service for some fifteen years past. His last position was with the Canadian Pacific R. R. as their Puget Sound passenger and freight agent with headquarters at Seattle.

The gentleman is an advanced Spiritualist whose labors in the ranks have not been so much of a journalistic nature as in earnest endeavor, through private discussion and teachings to help those in his immediate neighborhood to a higher and happier plane of thought. He is brimming over with good cheer and happy, genial, spiritual philosophy, which he avers he is ever ready to ladle out to the appreciative. He comes well recommended from his home in Seattle, and is enthusiastic over the climate and productiveness of Washington Territory.

Mr. Van Waters is business manager for a corporation organized in Seattle for the manufacture and sale of a vegetable medicine, which he says is of spiritual origin. The story of the discovery, as set forth in a circular he left with us, is both interesting and valuable as a partial answer to that oft-repeated question, "What has Spiritualism done for the world?"

While we do not make a practice of giving our personal approval to any so-called medicinal remedy, still we think this bears sufficient internal evidence of merit to warrant us for once in stepping aside from our usual course.

The discoverer of the remedy—Luther L. Moore—is now an old gentleman. He is a Spiritualist of twenty-three years' standing, having been converted against his will in 1864. He says he was under spirit control when the discovery of his medicine was made. As a proof that he is not attempting to work upon the credulity of the public, he refers inquirers to the old settlers in Puget Sound, and to leading citizens of Washington Territory as to his uprightness and integrity. Indeed, in the circular containing the history of his discovery appears a flattering testimonial signed by ex-governors and ex-chief justices of Washington Territory, and by leading bankers and business men of Seattle, recommending Mr. Moore as a gentleman of honor and good standing. The signers are not Spiritualists.

As some of our readers may wish to hear Mr. Moore's account of his first experience with spirit manifestations we give it as nearly in his words as space will permit:

"I am well known on Puget Sound, having been here since 1858. I was engaged in the logging business at Port Ludlow for a number of years; was a member of the Territorial Legislature for Washington Territory, from Jefferson county, for six terms. In the spring of '64 I was crushed by a saw-log and given up to die. The best physicians then on the Coast concurred in the opinion that I had strained the ligatures of the heart and could not possibly recover. For eleven years I was a victim to intense pain and suffering, during which time I expended upwards of five thousand dollars, searching in vain for relief. I became greatly reduced in strength and weight, dropping from two hundred to one hundred and forty pounds. A settled cough fastened upon me that stayed by me night and day. While passing a winter on Fraser River, in the year 1875, with but two companions, the subject of Spiritualism engaged our attention. Experimental seances soon developed me into a remarkable medium. Previous to this I knew nothing about this new philosophy. My arms and hands became controlled to write and sketch. The communications received were full of import, while the pictures drawn were possessed of great artistic merit. Some of these drawings were executed in the dark with colored crayons, as many as twelve different shades appearing in one picture. I can produce the best of evidence to substantiate the foregoing statements.

"One evening a *control*, purporting to be the deceased daughter of a renowned Cincinnati physician, told me I would die unless I stopped that cough. When questioned how this could be done, she said:

"'You have the remedies all about you, which you have only to gather and prepare, as I will direct, when you will have a medicine that will not only restore you to health, but will, if properly used, become a blessing to humanity in general.'

"She then gave, through my hand, the directions where to find the ingredients, and how to cure, prepare and compound the same. Observing there was no sugar nor alcohol in the formula, I asked the invisible intelligence:

"'What is to keep this medicine from fermenting and spoiling?'

"She answered—

"'You make it exactly according to directions and it will keep.'

"When asked what diseases it would cure, she replied:

"'This is a liver and blood remedy, and a medicine that will produce a healthy action of the liver and purify and enrich the blood; will cure nearly all disease. Many of the vegetable remedies now in use are possessed of valuable curative properties, but the alcohol in their composition greatly impairs their usefulness. Mineral medicines are poisonous and injurious to the system, and should *never be resorted to*. In time they will entirely disappear from the physician's *materia medica*, as there are vegetable remedies for the cure of every disease known to man. Many discoveries in medicine will yet be made through spirit agency.'

"As may be supposed, I was somewhat incredulous regarding the value of this communication. I also own I was greatly astonished at finding the ingredients just where my control said I would. I gathered enough for one gallon of the 'Revealed Remedy,' preparing it exactly according to directions. If the manner of receiving the formula was extraordinary, the effects of the medicine upon my system were nothing short of miraculous. *Before I had taken three doses my cough left me entirely, and ere I had finished the four quarts I was as well and hearty as a youth of eighteen years.* I rapidly regained appetite, strength and weight until in a short time I was at my old notch of two hundred pounds, where I have remained ever since. That was eleven years ago, and I have never had a day's sickness from then to the present time.

"During the past eleven years I have tried my remedy on a great many people afflicted with a variety of complaints with unvarying success. The results have been phenomenal. A number of reputable physicians in British Columbia and Seattle order my remedy from me by wholesale, and are to-day using it in their practice.

"The above is a plain statement of facts. I respectfully refer the reader to some of Seattle's leading citizens, her bankers, merchants and old settlers, as regards my character for truth and integrity." I am, Yours truly,

LUTHER L. MOORE.

Our readers will agree that this is remarkable, if true, and as we said before, it bears every evidence of truth on its face. The proofs of the curative properties of the remedy are very numerous and convincing, being signed by citizens of Seattle and other parts of the Sound.

We have not yet had occasion to test the sample bottle left in our office through the courtesy of Mr. Van Waters, but promise him to do so should circumstances arise for taking medicine, especially as it contains neither alcohol nor minerals.

What is it if not Spiritualism?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We beg leave to call your attention to an article, published in the *Pacific* of Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1887, entitled, "An Angel Visit—A true Incident." Now the *Pacific*, as I understand it, condemns Spiritualism (as all religious papers do) and recently published the report of the Seybert Commission as conclusive evidence that Spiritualism is a complete fraud from beginning to end. If the aforesaid article is not as rank Spiritualism as any that has ever been published in the GOLDEN GATE, we should like to know it. Yours very sincerely,

AN HONEST INVESTIGATOR.

[The article referred to will be found on our 8th page.—ED. G. G.]

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

W. J. COLVILLE, THE CELEBRATED INSPIRational Speaker and Improvisatore. Spiritual Services in Odd Fellows Hall, Market Street; entrance on Seventh Street. J. W. Maguire, Reader, Chorister and Baritone. Mme. Marie Bishop, Soloist. Miss E. Beresford Joy, Soloist and Organist. Lectures at 10 45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Answers to questions at 2:45 P. M.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, every Sunday. At 11 a. m. J. J. Morse, the celebrated inspirational speaker, will answer questions in the trance state, and will lecture in the evening. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDnesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. LIZZIE FULTON,
Trance, Test and Healing Medium.
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FULL FORM MATERIALIZATION!
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Seances, Monday Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT.
TRANCE SITTINGS FOR MIND CURE.
Diseases removed in a few sittings.
Diagnoses and treatments from a distance given. Sittings $1.
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Positively Cures
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Chills and Fever,
INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM,
And most diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Liver and Blood.
Purely Vegetable—Contains no minerals, no alcohol.
Procure a circular and read the remarkable manner of discovery; also record of wonderful cures.
MOORE MANUFACTURING CO
Proprietors, SEATTLE, W. T.
Sold by all Druggists. oct8

Mrs. M. Miller, of 114 Turk street, desires to inform her friends that she has some pleasant, sunny front rooms to let by the week, day or month in a central locality. First-class beds, furniture and carpets; bath-room, hot and cold water all day. A pleasant home for those who desire it. Call and see and feel satisfied.

Mrs. Carter, the spirit photographer, will take pictures of your spirit friends at 515 Seventh street, Oakland, on Monday and Wednesday of each week, until further notice.

All Government business attended to promptly at reasonable rates, by JOHN B. WOLFF, 103 F Street (N. E.), Washington, D. C. tf

J. W. FLETCHER, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., gives diagnosis of disease from lock of hair; also business advice. Terms, $2.

DO YOU wish to develop as a medium, consult, by letter, J. W. Fletcher, the Clairvoyant, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Six questions allowed. Terms, $2.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

W. J. Colville's Sunday Services are held in Odd Fellows Hall, MarketStreet. Entrance on Seventh Street.

Lectures at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Answers to questions at 2:45 P. M. Joseph W. Maguire, Reader, and Baritone Soloist; Mme. Marie Bishop, Musical Director and Soprano; Miss. E. Beresford Joy, Soloist and Organist.

Classes in Spiritual Science—embracing the salient principles in Metaphysical and Mental Healing, Mind, Prayer, and Faith Cure, and Christian Science—will be held in Encampment Hall, Monday and Thursday afternoon, at 2:30, and evening of same days at 8 o,clock. Elevator runs one hour previous to and at close of classes.

Classes in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, Fridays at 3 P. M., and lectures the same day at 7:30 P. M.

Fees for a course of twelve lessons in Spiritual Science, $5.

Single admission tickets to classes, 50 cents.

Admission to Sunday services 10 cents; reserved seats 25 cents. Monthly tickets, with reserved seat, $1.

Membership in Classes and reserved seats for Sunday Services can be secured on application, in person or by letter, at 210 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

Albert Morton.
sep17-6m BUSINESS MANAGER.

FROM THE OTHER SHORE
Your Loved Ones Call Back to You:
"*STAY WHILE YOU MAY*
"*Amid the joys and beauties of Earth,*
"*lest you come, unprepared, before your*
"*time, an unwelcome visitor to the Spirt.*
"*World. Life purified and flesh made*
"*clean fit the soul for the delights that*
"*await you in the Better Land.*"

THE FAMOUS
CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL
TREATMENT
Cures Catarrh, (that most loathsome, offensive, and destructive malady) and all other Throat and Lung Diseases. It purifies the Blood, tones up the Stomach, Spleen, Liver and Kidneys, and cleanses the soul.
It is a simple yet effective
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That does its work of healing quickly and well, leaving no trace of disease behind.



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Sent by Mail or Express, with full directions, on receipt of price, $3 (SmokeBall $2, Debellator $1) and four cents in postage stamps.

Will You Weigh the Evidence?
Read the following Voluntary Testimonial from a gentleman well known throughout the Pacific Coast:

OFFICE OF COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.,
439 California St., SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1887.
CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO.—GENTLEMEN: In November last, I rode all night, in Shasta county, on the outside of the stage, in a very severe, frosty night, reaching Yreka about 7 A. M. I was completely chilled through, and the chill resulted in the inflammation of one eye, so severe that, in three days, an occulist decided that I was in imminent danger of losing the sight of one eye, and ultimately the other eye would follow, and I would become entirely blind. From one eye I could not see objects sufficiently distinct to recognize the faces of my friends. Local applications relieved the pain and retarded the loss of sight, but failed to effect a cure. After suffering several weeks, I formed my own opinion as to cause, and concluded it was a severe case of Catarrh. Seeing your advertisement of the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL, I called, received an application, purchased a "Smoke Hall," and in three days afterward, while applying the same, it removed a hard substance from my nose, as large as a hazel nut. Instant relief followed. My eye grew better from that time, and soon was "as good as new." I verily believe it saved my eye, and I know not how to sufficiently thank you. I keep the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL with me now in traveling, and find it a great comfort when exposed to danger of catching cold, as it never fails to relieve me. Truly yours,
A. R. GUNNISON.

Hundreds of such Testimonials at the office.
Circulars and Testimonials sent to any address.
You can test it FREE at the office of the
CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO.,
652 Market Street, Corner Kearny St.,
jul16 San Francisco. 1part

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Morals vs. Manners.

BY ABBA L. HOLTON.

Boarding a cable car, not long ago, that was only apparently quite full, I politely requested a young girl (who with others was returning from the High School and from one of the Grammar Schools) to move so I could sit down. She gave me so much of a seat that, by holding on to a lady friend, I could remain upon the space allotted me after I sat down. Then I witnessed the manners and morals of these young people to my heart's content. In a high tone of voice, so that all on the car could hear it, one, whom I will call No. 1, for short, said, "How nice it is to be squeezed, even if one has to be squeezed right in company." "Yes," replied No. 2, "very, if one don't care anything for their drapery." "O, said No. 1, "we have moral lectures in our department once a week. They're nice, attended one this morning; the subject was, 'How to address a gentleman in our letters.' You can say with perfect propriety, 'Sir, Dear Sir, and My dear Sir;' the closing may be, 'Respectfully, Yours, etc., Yours truly.'" Then there was a titter all around, and the further remark from No. 1, "It's so nice to know how to commence a letter to a gentleman and still be proper." The whole car of people seemed interested in a disgusted sort of way at this boisterous conversation, and I opened a book I had with me to continue its perusal, when one young lady leaned away over her companions and read the title. Then there came a whispered conversation, when No. 1 said, "'Mental Medicine?'" "I thought so. *We* don't need any mental medicine." I looked up, and gazing in the face of the young girl, I observed, "Did you ever peruse this book?" "No," she replied, "what is it?" "It's entitled 'Mental Medicine,' I replied, by Evans, and as I have taught school fifteen years, I think it a very good work to put in every young lady's hands, as they are just the ones that need mental culture, in my opinion." In a high falsetto, she flung these words out, "Shut up, I don't need to read any such book; I have no need of mental culture." Turning to her companions with, "Do you think I do?"

By this time one young lady arose and left the car, giving me and another lady who had been standing a comfortable seat. I kept on reading, but these thoughts would intrude: Does an intellectual education, without the cultivation of the soul and conscience, raise men and women to a higher standard of life? and I felt as Pestalozzi did, like "a coal of fire lying in wet straw," and that Gail Hamilton's criticisms in reference to the present education of girls, though severe, are quite true. She writes: "In connection with our public schools there is springing up a school of ungracefulness and indelicacy, which, to my thinking, goes far to neutralize the good wrought by the former. Groups of girls travel from all parts of the city, from the country villages, three, five and even ten miles over steam and horse-railroads, to normal and high schools and seminaries of the city, and return in the afternoon. What is cause and what is effect, I do not know; but these girls sometimes conduct themselves so rudely as to force upon one the conviction that it would be better for women not to know the alphabet, if they must take on so much roughness with it. Typical American girls, pretty, gentle-faced, intelligent looking, well-dressed, will fill a car with idle, vulgar, boisterous clatter. Out of rosy, delicate lips come voices,—of draymen, I was about to say, but that is not true; for the voices of these girls are like nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath. Without depth, richness or force, they are thin, harsh, inevitable. They do not so much fill the space as they penetrate it. Three or four such girls will gather face to face, and from beginning to end of their journey, pour forth a ceaseless torrent of giddy gabble, utterly regardless of any other presence but their own. They will talk of their teachers and schoolmates by name, of their parties and plans of studies, their dresses, their most personal and private matters, with an extravagance, with an incoherency, with an inelegance and coarseness of phraseology which is disgraceful alike to their schools and to their homes. They will compel without scruple and bear without flinching the eyes of a whole carriage load of passengers. Indeed, the notice of strangers seems sometimes to be the inspiration of their noisy, unmelodious clatter."

Now, all this evil comes from immoral and superficial education, and its failure to develop reverence, modesty and docility, but a consequent development of unrestrained pragmatic loquacity. Profound thought and unselfish principles were taught by Jesus, and "that a fool may be known by his much speaking," by one of the saints.

An educated animal is what you can say of most men and women of to-day, for the intellectual education has made them, not as their ancestors were, high-waymen and slaves in harems, but a pettifogger, a fashion plate; instead of a sneak thief and a virago, a clever forger and a busybody; instead of a roaming savage or an amazon, a fraudulent banker or a cashier, and a shiftless, helpless woman. Virtue and unselfishness do not distinguish a man or woman to-day, but the successful swindler, the brazen belle, the tawdry use of gold and jewels, and the ambitious office-holder have the pass-key to social eminence.

As it behooves us not to show the terrible truths that are undermining our civilization and leave them in all their ghastly deformities, for we must "bear one another's burdens," if we wish to have the Christ spirit, so we give our panacea.

The evolution or Godward progress of humanity must be brought about by the ethical or divine education. The moral or spiritual plane must be ascended ere the intellectual can be in its truest sense. Each father, mother and teacher in our land will have to say, "Uproot this tendency to degrade labor and to degrade maternity." Our girls must be taught that health and happiness come alone to those who reason, who think, who try to know themselves, who are willing to learn, to be advised, and as Jesus said, "become as a little child," "trying all spirits and holding fast that which is good," as St. Paul wrote to his followers. Our boys must be taught that to labor is honorable, to be reverential to women is just, because they are women, because they are mothers. That the noblest virtues a man can possess are his care and tenderness toward not alone his mother, his sister, or his wife, but to all women because they are some one's mothers, sisters or wives; and faithfulness and the sacrifice to this one duty will enoble, uplift and purify the soul so much that men will grow to be God, for God-like thoughts stamp themselves upon every act and every countenance. Then the thoughts of our rising generation being unselfish, noble and pure, the manners will be polished, refined and gentle, as it is natural they should be, as God ordained them to be. Then our ears will not be polluted with vile gossip and sentimental nonsense from young ladies; homes will not be wrecked by untrained housekeepers, and unskilled workingmen will not be filling our prison pens, jails and penitentiaries, for a boy that has learned a trade will always have work when he becomes a man. When there are no idle brains the devil will have no workshops; then there will be no devil and only God or good.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 27, 1887.

A Mysterious Circumstance.

[Louisville Commercial.]

A very mysterious circumstance is said to have occurred near Commiskey, Jennings county, Indiana, last Saturday night. About five months ago, the people of that neighborhood concluded to build a Baptist church, as most of them were of that faith. A collection was taken up and the lumber procured. For a time the work progressed very smoothly, until it came to the raising of a large beam, which was intended to uphold the rafters of the structure. A derrick large enough could not be procured, and work was stopped. During the summer nights the farmers have frequently met to discuss some means of raising the beam, but nothing was ever done. On last Monday morning, however, it was discovered that the beam had been placed in position during the night by some unknown agency. Hundreds of people gathered about the place, and the miracle, if such it may be termed, has created great religious excitement in the neighborhood. There is not the slightest sign that the work was done by human hands, and many imaginative people say that they heard beautiful music and saw strange lights about the place on the night preceding. No difficulty was experienced in raising one hundred dollars to go on with the work, and it was decided to call the new edifice "Christ's Own." A. L. Bennett, who resides nearest the church, was chosen to preach, and on next Sunday the services will be commenced.

ABOVE me, as I lay, shone the eternal stars, and there at my feet the impish marsh-born balls of fire rolled this way and that, vapor-tossed and earth-desiring, and methought that in the two I saw a type and image of what man is, and what perchance man may one day be, if the living Force who ordained him and them should so ordain this also. Oh! that it might be ours to rest, year by year, upon that high level of the heart to which at times we momentarily attain. Oh! that we could shake loose the prison pinions of the soul and soar to that superior point, whence, like to some traveler looking out through space from Darien's giddiest peak, we might gaze with the spiritual eyes of noble thoughts deep into Infinity! What would it be to cast off this earthy robe, to have done forever with these earthy thoughts and miserable desires? No longer, like those corpse candles, to be tossed this way and that, by forces beyond our control; or which, if we can theoretically cotrol them, we are at times driven by the exigencies of our nature to obey! Yes, to cast them off; to have done with the foul and thorny places of the world; and, like to those glittering points above me, to rest on high, wrapped forever in the brightness of our better selves, that even now shines in us as fire faintly shines within those lurid balls, and lay down our littleness in that wide glory of our dreams, that invisible but surrounding good from which all truth and beauty comes!—*H. R. Haggard's "She."*

FOREMAN (to country editor): "Do you want Rev. Mr. Goodman's sermon, 'Feed my Lambs,' to go on the editorial page?" Editor (absent-mindedly): "No. Run it in the agriculture department."

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"VILLA MONTEZUMA."

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[From the San Diego Union.]

Situated on a gently sloping hillside on the corner of Twentieth and K streets, in this city, and commanding a magnificent view of San Diego and its incomparably lovely surroundings, stands a private residence that the citizens of San Diego may look upon with pardonable pride. It is the Villa Montezuma, the home of the world-famed pianist and vocalist, Jesse Shepard, whose wonderful performances have thrilled the music-loving of two continents. There is something so very peculiar, something so very striking, about even the exterior of the building that the passer-by can not but stop and admire its extreme, unostentatious eccentricity. The search for an elaborate front entrance and portico is a fruitless one. Only a simple side door is found, but it pleases greater than something more showy would. The odd windows in peculiar shapes and sizes, some of which are of stained glass; the inscription in quaint, old English, "A. D. MDVVVLXXXVII;" the harmonious blending of the somber colors of the house, together with its massive proportions and elegant exterior, at once command attention and the observer longs to see what one who planned the exterior of a mansion so unique would do for its interior embellishment.

Enter the structure and even the air seems laden with the richness and elegance that is on every hand. The soft Smyrna rug in the hall yields to the tread like a mossy sward, while a circular art glass window fills the hall with a pleasant, subdued light. Beneath the window a large, brass lamp, fully five feet high, catches the eye. Softly it reflects the mellow light, while here and there a gleam sparkles from its jeweled shade. At the further end a massive ebony stand supports a pictured vase, that in turn held a large bouquet of flowers.

THE PINK ROOM.

Passing to the left, through heavy portierres of old gold and pale blue material, the pink room, or reception room, is reached. Here pale pink predominates in everything. The ceiling, of Lincrusta Walton, is a dull, silver gray, while the walls of the same material are dainty figures of pink and old gold bronze. A rich Axminster rug, in delicate shades of light blue, old gold and pink, covers the oiled and waxed floor. In each of the two furthest corners of the room is an ebony stand in the shape of a column, and bearing a candelabra of very odd design and a pink wax candle. The furniture in the room blends beautifully with the other fittings, as does the large, French art glass window occupying the greater portion of one wall. In this are delineated flowers and vines in perfect colors, while the grapes and berries were most tempting, so natural did they appear. In the lower border of the window are diamond-shaped representations of abalone shells, giving their beautiful shades and tints almost to perfection. Very large jewels dot the window here and there, while to one side of the center a snow-white dove perches on a limb as if waiting for its mate.

THE DINING-ROOM.

Across the hall, directly opposite the portierres of the pink room, are double sliding doors leading to the dining-room. This apartment is well lighted by four large windows, two of which are of clear plate glass and the other two in art glass, representing two maidens, Summer and Autumn. Like the pink room the ceiling and walls of the dining-room are finished in Lincrusta Walton, but are tinted in silver and bronze, respectively. A great tapestry rug covers the floor, and an elegant candelabra depends from the ceiling. Over the grate, which is finished with porcelain tiles and polished brass guards, is a walnut mantel and redwood combined, of simple, yet striking design. Its shelves are loaded with massive silver service and delicate China and Japanese tableware.

THE BLUE ROOM.

Passing thence through a hallway, the blue room is reached. This is in the extreme southeastern corner of the building, and is a sitting-room, separated from the sleeping apartment adjoining by heavy portierres of old gold and pale salmon. The walls and ceiling are covered with satin paper of very pale blue, with borders of pale pink, gold, and light salmon roses, matching faultlessly the rich portierres. Across a corner of the blue room extends a grate of porcelain and glazed tiles, and over this is a black walnut mantel, with a large, beveled-edge French plate mirror in the background. In this room, as in every other portion of the house, the floor is oiled and waxed, presenting a deep cherry color, and is covered with a heavy rug of the richest quality. The chairs and table are of simple design, and, with the elegantly upholstered settee, and their rich, blue satin tidies, blend most harmoniously with the other furnishings of the room. The bed, in the chamber adjoining and opening into the blue room, is of antique oak, and is covered with a pale blue silk quilt and shams, embroidered with art needlework in subdued colors. All the materials and work are of the very best, and in spite of the many colors used, the eye can discover nothing harsh or inharmonious.

THE GOLD ROOM.

At the other end of the hall, which runs laterally, is situated the gold room, or, more properly, the library. Its name designates its furnishings. On the floor is placed a heavy Axminster rug, matching the sofa and the surroundings to perfection. The walls and ceiling are papered in deep maroon, covered with a profusion of Grecian figures in rich gold. This apartment occupies the southwestern corner of the main floor of the building, and is well lighted by means of three plate-glass windows, one facing the west and two looking to the south. Small art transoms are over the windows, and the sunlight, which shines in through the library windows from morning till night, is diffused through the room in multi-colored beams by means of the large jewels in them. There is no grate in the room; the sun warms it from one year's end to another. Valuable books of art, history and literature, that were mostly presented to Mr. Shepard, are shelved on the library that, being made of polished ash and hung with curtains the color of a California gold nugget, excellently matches the prevailing hue of the room—old gold.

THE RED ROOM.

Passing thence through a hall, the red room, with an elegant bath-room adjoining, is reached. The apartment is sumptuously furnished, but there is nothing extravagant—nothing lavish to be seen. A large Ouschek Turkish rug, of peculiar pattern, covers the highly polished floor. Its prevailing color is red, while there is just enough blue to relieve that hue. The ceiling and walls are of Lincrusta Walton of a dull gray hue, bordered with *fleur-de-lis* in gilt and black. A massive mantel of black walnut, corresponding with the wainscoting and furniture, is at the foot of the bed and occupying a portion of the northern wall of the room. On this is placed fine vases and flowers, and about the grate several bronze statuettes stand. A deep red quilt and shams, embroidered with rich colors of art needlework, cover the bed. While shades of nearly all colors are found in the room, red predominates in everything, but it blends most perfectly. At each side of the large French mirror of the mantel is a seemingly solid gold bracket, daintily freighted with tiny flowers. In an opposite corner is a large ebony bracket bearing a silver oriental candelabra, set with heavy jewels, and this, together with a few red wax candles, in oddly designed sticks, lights the apartment at night.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Under an arabesque art transom hangs the portierres separating the red room from the drawing-room. This far surpasses in elegance anything yet seen in the mansion. Everything has the appearance of riches, art and love for the beautiful; the dark shades here modify and subdue the light ones there—everything is strictly in keeping with the artistic intention, the furniture being selected with a special view to the arrangements and designs on floor and ceiling. Perhaps the great feature of this room is the splendid bay window, eighteen feet deep, of bent glass, the upper sashes containing life-size heads, in art glass, of Shakspeare, Goethe and Corneille, these heads representing the poetry of England, Germany and France. The ceiling is exquisitely silvered and bronzed, relieved by deep panels of redwood. A large Persian rug of rich pattern gives this room an oriental, as well as a home-like and most inviting air, appreciated, at a glance, by persons of broad culture and experience. The bay window is separated from the main room by a beautiful arch in carved wood, from which hang three large lace curtains, which show the jeweled and arabesque glass behind in the most artistic manner possible.

THE MUSIC-ROOM.

In the music-room, which may be entered through heavy portierres either from the pink room or the drawing-room, everything is so severe, so simple, yet so grand, that one can not but admire the most exquisite taste that Mr. Shepard has displayed in its arrangement. The first things that catch the eye are the art windows, through the many hued glasses of which the room is lighted. In the figures there delineated, every feature represented, every expression, every tint is perfect. Indeed, they seem to lack only the spark of life to make them flesh and body. They are most wonderfully lifelike, and one thinks that in them Art has accomplished a work almost divine. In the first moments of day, the rays of the rising sun illumine a life-sized portrait of Sappho, the Greek poetess. Reclining upon a couch, and with a wrap thrown loosely about her form, she sits idly picking a lyre. Beside her are two Cupids, who accompany Sappho's playing, with flutes. The forms of the figures are exquisitely molded and the proportions are perfect. Through an open portal a marine view, with rays of sunlight and great rolling storm-clouds, is pictured. Over the portrait is a heavy black and white Sgraffito border, beneath which and about the picture is a crude patch of Venetian, opalescent and cathedral glass of rich colors. Throughout this and the borders of all the figures in the room are interspersed heavy sapphires, rubies, emeralds, garnets, opals, and other jewels, all cut and highly polished. These gleam and sparkle like dew on a bed of pansies in the morning sun. To the left of Sappho's portrait is a life-size one of L'Allegra, representing Milton's poem, who stands in an easy position reading a large book that she holds in both hands. Dressed in the Greek custom of centuries ago, with a mantle thrown carelessly over her head, and the expression on her face showing how deeply interested she is in the work she is reading, she forms a very pretty picture. Corresponding with this, a portrait of La Penserosa, another of Milton's creations, who stands bareheaded and admiring an apple and some apple-blossoms she holds in her hands. Over these windows, which occupy the front of the bay-window in which they are situated, is an arch of carved black walnut, resting upon columns of similiar material. In the north end of the room, in circular windows, are life-size bust portraits of Mr. Shepard's favorite composers, Beethoven and Mozart. These are marvelous works of art; Beethoven to the left, with hair disheveled, his prominent forehead wrinkled, small, deep set eyes, has a dreamy look, as if his mind was in another sphere; Mozart's handsome features to the right, snow-white hair, prominent nose, features particularly kind and benevolent, and eyes, large and bright, that are lighted up as if he is about to speak. At the other end of the room, portraits of Raphael and Reubens correspond with those of Beethoven and Mozart. These, like their companion pictures, are masterpieces, and as the sunlight strikes them at different times of day, the faces are filled with life-like expressions that no painter's brush could ever portray. Beneath the portraits of Reubens and Raphael are allegorical representations of the Orient and the Occident, each consisting of a man dressed in the costume of his respective clime.

A BOWER OF ART.

Reluctantly the eye leaves the marvelous figures constituting the windows, and looks about to observe the next surprise. Art, pure and simple, is found in everything. No two chairs in the room—or in the building, in fact—are alike in either shape or hue. There are no pictures in the music room, save those in the art windows, but the hard finished redwood walls are relieved by eight ebony panels inlaid with bas-relief figures of ivory and mother of pearl, that are hung at intervals. The ceiling is of redwood panels and Lincrusta Walton in silver gray figures, and from its center depends an elaborate Oriental candelabra containing on the outer circle six pale blue wax candles, and within is a heavily jeweled metallic shade that contains a single wax candle. In addition to the six heavy Persian rugs that cover the highly waxed floor, an immense Polar bear skin is in its center. Opposite Sappho's portrait is the mantel. It is of mediæval design, and is built of imported English tiles, heavily glazed, and porcelain bricks. The design of the mantel is purely original. It represents the roofof a tower of one of the old German castles, like those found along the Rhine, and extends over halfway up to the ceiling. Small black walnut shingles of odd shapes cover it from top to bottom, save at one place, where a portico, also of walnut, is placed. This bears a bronze bust of Diana, who seems to look down from the height as if charmed with the beautiful surroundings. The furniture in the room is all art furniture of the most recent designs, and its varied hues and tints are all in perfect harmony with the windows, rugs, walls and everything. Opposite the pink room is the octagonal bay-window. Pushing aside the maroon portierres, a cosy little retreat, probably eight feet in diameter, is found. The windows are in art glass, representing the four seasons. A jeweled and artistically ornamented window occupies the center, and over each window is a transom, also of jeweled art glass. In the center of the mosaic floor is an ebony stand, bearing a life-size figure of an Egyptian head in gold bronze.

MAGNIFICENT PRESENTS.

The interior decorations are greatly enhanced by the large number of valuable presents which Mr. Shepard has received from his friends in all parts of the world. These objects of art may be numbered by the hundred, some of the most important presents being a superb rosewood piano sent by William Knabe & Co., the famous piano-makers of Baltimore. Among the paintings may be mentioned a bust, worth $5,000, by Geslin, the eminent artist of St. Petersburg, Russia; a landscape, by Lybrand, of Baltimore; a scene in Florence, by E. Ryder, of Rome, and two paintings of great value, representing Cyrus and Semeramis, sent by Mrs. E. B. Crocker, from her mansion in Sacramento.

WORKS OF ART.

Among the pictures which grace the walls of different rooms the following are prominent, and give a good idea of Mr. Shepard's judgment in art matters: "A Reading from Homer," by Alma Tadema; "Psyche Presenting Proserpine's Box to Venus;" "School of Athens," Raphael; "St. Cecilia at the Organ," Carlo Dolci; bronze reliefs of Dante and Tasso; "Death of Lady Macbeth," by Gabriel Rossitti; "Ædipus and Antigone," by Teschendorff; head of Medea, by Sichel; "Francesca di Remini," by Scheffer; "Socrates Instructing Alcibiades," by Schopin; "Thusnelda in the Triumphal Procession of Germanicus," by Pilotz; "Milton Dictating Paradise Lost," by Munkacsy; "The Angelus," by Millet; "Dante Presenting Guitto to Guido Signore of Ravenna," by Mochi; "Parting of Hector and Andromache," by Maignan; "Acis and Galatea," by Claude Lorraine; "Goethe in Weimar," by Kaulbach; "Tasso at the Court of Farrare," by Ender; "Christ Leaving the Prætorian," Dore; "House of a Poet in the Last Days of Pompeii," by Coomans; "Patrician of Venice," by Cabend; "Beethoven and the Rumnwsky Quartette," by Borckmann; "The Vintage Festi val, Ancient Rome," by Alma Tadema; "Ænas at the Court of Dido," by Guerin; "Raphael in His Studio," by Jalabert; "Michael Angelo Reading His Sonnets to Vittoria Colonna," by Schneider. It would be a difficult task to enumerate the pictures, portaits and busts, the remarkable collection containing the portraits of all the celebrities in literature and philosophy, and the masters of music and art. A set of rare old etchings include portraits of Cardinal Mazarin, Boilieu, Pascal, Madame de Sevingne, Rousseau and Racine.

Considerable space is alloted to the souvenirs from Mr. Shepard's admirers in Paris, the following names comprising celebrities in the musical, artistic and literary world, being among his most devoted friends: Samuel David, L. Gastinelle, Elise Picard, Lucie Grange, Honoe Chavee, Theophile Dalex, Eugene Bonnmere, the Countess Batowska, the Baroness du Campy, Jean Darcy, Henri Delaage, Luigi de Sievers, the Countess du Bussy and others.

THE ABBE JOSEPH ROUX,

The literary lion of France, sends a late portrait of himself, with a characteristic letter of which Mr. Shepard feels justly proud. A large room on the second floor containing ten windows, overlooking the mountains of Mexico to the south and the Pacific Ocean to the southwest, is set apart for bric-a-brac, souvenirs from friends, pictures, etc., and the walls are literally covered with the faces of distinguished people. A handsome stairway leads from this room directly into the observatory above the house. This tower is a good sized room, elegantly finished, and paneled, and the twelve windows it contains renders the panorama to be witnessed from them, one of unparalleled beauty. This is Mr. Shepard's sanctum sanctorum, his writing room, attested to by the piles of manuscript which cover the table. A revolving chair permits the writer to turn about at will and enjoy the matchless scenery spread out in every direction, the city to the north, the bay to the west, with Mount San Miguel to the east, and Table Mountain to the south. Like everything about the house, beauty and ornamentation are here combined with utility.

Californians will have reason to be proud of the artistic work done in this house, the magnificent art glass windows having been made in San Francisco by John Mallon. The work displayed in the art windows of the concert-room, the drawing-room, halls and dining-room, could not be surpassed in Europe. Each window is a study, and several visits are required to properly appreciate the artistic effects of light and shade so exquisitely blended in the minutest detail.

The entire house was built and furnished according to Mr. Shepard's own ideas, and the original intention has been successfully carried out in every particular by the architects, Comstock and Trotschke, of this city, who drew the plans.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

In Memory.

[Inspirational poem to Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Lapham, of Modesto, on the death of their daughter, Annal. Given through Mrs. E. B. Crowette.]

Lonely hearts, made sad by loss,
Staggering 'neath the heavy cross,
Shadowed by a pall or night,
Shutting out the welcome light
Brought by messengers of love
From the heavenly realms above,
Where beside the pearly gate
All thy loved ones watch and wait
Till the night of grief is gone
And has come the golden morn
In whose bright and gleaming ray
They can wipe the tears away,
Falling now upon the grave
Of the one just crossed death's wave.
Freed from sorrow, pain and care,
Come, in answer to your prayer,
Radiant angels from the shore
Where the pains of life are o'er.
Welcome then the angel band;
See thy loved ones as they stand,
Ministers of heavenly light
Come to make the pathway bright,
Whispering words ye long to hear:
"Dearly loved ones, we are near!
Gone from out your earthly vision;
We are souls that have arisen
From the grave of sin and strife
Called by mortals 'human life.'
Let your inward senses wake!
Look away, for love's sweet sake,
From thine earthly loss and care
To the realm, so bright and fair,
Where our souls in gladness rest
In the mansions of the blest."

An Unpublished Poem by Longfellow.

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
O, friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June,
O, birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray,
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers:
Ye cannot greet those cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one, for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until, with glad thanksgiving,
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveler stands—
One absent long from home and nation
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens;
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb—
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder fields are children playing,
And there—Oh! vision of delight!—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The parted one.

September 18, 1863.

Spirit Yearnings.

BY MARY HUBBELL.

Where, on thy kindly pinions, tarriest thou
O soft celestial breath?
Lent to my spirit from the Infinite—
Why should I call thee Death?

On my white couch all day I wait for thee,
And through the dewy night;
Hath he commissioned thee to wing so slow
And calm thy solemn flight?

In velvet fields I know the lambkins play,
And infant violets peep—
Come swifter, ere my almost parted heart
Return for these to weep,

Where still and pale I fade from hour to hour,
Eyes keeping watch like stars,
Make earth so dear that still my spirit rests
Without the crystal bars.

Should I repine while here in arms of love,
Just under heaven's bright gate,
Until the angel of the Lord come down,
A little while I wait.

This lower sky is gloriously fair—
I am not tired of earth;
From other spheres I shall look love to thee,
Land of my mortal birth.

But I have caught a vision of the palms
Around the mount of God—
That mystic tree whose branches spread the way
Which Christ the prophet trod;

And underneath their shade my soul must dwell
With souls beatified—
I heard it whispered in the holy night
By angels at my side;

Then where, on thy slow pinions tarriest thou.
O soft celestial breath?
Sent to my spirit from the Infinite;
Why should I call thee death?

The Baby's Question.

I'll try so paint a picture true,
'Twas given to me one day to see,
A picture of a little girl—
The little girl belonged to me.

Three times twelve moons had softly shed
Their silver o'er her pensive face;
Three years of sun had deftly warmed
And brightened every childish grace.

In willow high-chair, throned, she sat,
Serene as any queen may be;
Sweet quiet reigned, and playthings dear
Her baby mind filled seemingly,

When spoke my little Ethelwyn,
In baby brogue, so artlessly:
"If Dod should tum to our house,
And I be dood, would he tiss me?"

Dear heart! I could but answer, "Yes,"
Since one who knows has told us this:
"Suffer the little ones to come;
Of such the heavenly kingdom is."
—L. C. D., in Boston Traveller.

An Angel Visit—A True Incident.

[Selected.]

One Sunday morning, many years ago, a venerable and saintly Scottish pastor announced as his subject the "Ministry of Angels," taking for his text Psalm xci: 11, 12. With great earnestness, he explained that the words of his text were not mere poetic imagery, or Oriental hyperbole, but a literal promise, literally fulfilled by our heavenly Father; a beautiful proof of his loving care for his own redeemed ones, though in passing safely through dangers felt, seen or unseen, their faithlessness often ignored the wondrous agency as real, as it was invisible.

It had been a week of arduous labor and of physical weakness for the faithful pastor; and when he closed his long and earnest discourse, he felt unusually exhausted. Is it not when weary or overwrought, and often after closest communing with God, that Satan stands ready to tempt us? Suddenly, during the singing of the last Psalm, over the minister's weary brain a heavy cloud gathers, and in the darkness he seems beset by whispering demons!

What nonsense he had been talking! What did he know about invisible angels? Were there any such beings as he had attempted to describe? What if the Bible was his authority? Was it all literally true? Who gave him such a message? Was he not wickedly misleading this eager and beloved people? and the suggestions growing more and more daring, he felt as if his brain reeled, and all that had been so solid to him, in faith and feeling, was slipping from his feeble grasp. It was only by a supreme effort that he was able to pronounce the benediction, which sounded in his own ears as a perfect mockery.

In a moment he found himself in the little private study, which opened into the pulpit, in which he was wont to spend the interval between morning and afternoon service. Down on the floor, in a tempest of deepest distress, he crouched, rather than knelt. No word of prayer rose in his heart or to his lips. He could not pray. A "darkness that could be felt" settled on heart and brain, till, desperate and helpless, he believed himself forsaken, while horrible fears of impending madness added to the gloom. All God's waves and billows seemed passing over him. "There is no angel, no Savior, no God!" the devils seemed to whisper. He was roused by a loud knock at his door. A man, taken suddenly ill, was dying. Could he come at once? His first impulse was to dismiss the messenger, and tell him he had no words for a dying man; but, controlling himself by a violent effort, he followed mechanically, until the man pointed out to him the house where he was expected.

The dying man lay in the uppermost room of a tall, ancient tenement. This room was approached by a steep, outside stair, whose broken steps led up the side of the building to a narrow landing, on which the passage leading to the room opened. There was no hand-rail of any kind. Under and around the stairs and landing lay a mass of *debris* and a great heap of hard stones.

Slowly up the steps went the minister, with drooping head and despairing heart, taking no note of aught around him. On entering the room, he found that the poor, lonely man had just expired, and kindly neighbors were hastily performing the necessary offices. Promising to return after service, he left the room. The unfamiliar place, his dazed condition and complete absorption in his own misery, were too much for him. He made a fearful mistake. Instead of turning to the steps, he walked straight forward over the narrow landing! Of large, unwieldy frame, a solid fall from such a height and on such a heap could hardly have proved less than fatal. One thrill of horror! and then against breast and back he distinctly felt the firm pressure of strong, gentle hands, and the next instant he was set softly on his feet among the great sharp stones, unharmed by either shock or bruise! "He shall give his angels charge over thee. . . . They shall bear thee up in their hands, less thou dash thy foot against a stone." Was it a choir of angels that were singing it in his ears?

A flood of sunlight poured in on his soul, before which dark clouds and demons fled dismayed. A great ecstasy filled him. No one was near him. One rejoicing ascription of praise from his awe-stricken and grateful soul, and then, as if treating on air, he sped back to his little study, to be alone with his God. Down again upon the floor, in lowliest reverence and adoration, and in joyful thanksgiving! Could this be the same mortal who, only a few minutes before had grovelled there in utter darkness? Now the room seemed flooded with sunlight and filled with angels. Prayer and praise flowed from heart and lips as freely as the glad song from the throat of a bird. He felt the close presence of a loving and forgiving Father, and that dear Savior who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and who had also "suffered being tempted," drew near him in sweetest sympath. All the tenderest promises seemed to float to him as on angels' wings, and nestle close to his rejoicing heart. In such communion, he had a foretaste of heaven, and almost felt withdrawn from earth. He was only aroused by the last notes of the church-bell.

Rising from his knees, he walked into the pulpit, and, as he was afterwards told, he turned upon his people a countenance so full of the radiance of that holy communion that a hush of awe, amaze and eager expectation fell upon the whole congregation. The opening exercises seemed to lift them all nearer heaven; and when, laying his hand on the closed Bible, the old minister repeated, with such unusual expression, the words of his morning text, the perfect stillness and intense attention of his waiting people might almost alone have inspired the sermon that followed.

Never had he preached such a sermon before. They said it were as if an angel spoke. Spell-bound the people sat, as that unwritten and unstudied discourse flowed over their souls from a heart which spoke out of a fresh and powerful experience. The old man said the eloquence was not his; for the time he felt really inspired. The details of such a heart story were too sacred, even, for that occasion; but enough was told to thrill every heart, and to quicken the faith of every believer. Many in that congregation dated their new birth from that God-given sermon. His ministry received a fresh blessing and impulse. At "eventime it still was light;" for, from that day until he peacefully breathed his last, not a doubt or fear ever ruffled the soul of the old minister.

DEAD INDIANS' DEBTS.—"The debts of dead Indians are paid by their relatives," said an ex-merchant on Main street recently. "An Indian was killed several years ago, who owed me three hundred and forty-five dollars. Since that time three hundred and thirty dollars of this amount has been paid me by his relatives. Kentucky died the other day, owing me about fifty-five dollars. Already his relatives have approached me on the subject and made arrangements to pay me the amount. It is a law with them to pay the debts of their dead relatives, and they never break it. I am sure of getting my money if an Indian dies owing me, but when a white man dies leaving no property, no matter how rich his relatives, I never expect to get a cent."—*East Oregonian.*

Here we are: let stars or bygone times, or the wrecks of nations, or the corruptions of language, say or show what they will. There is something also to be done by us; we have our little portions of the reef of coral yet to build up.—*Arthur Helps.*

AN absent-minded Pittsburg preacher remarked in a eulogy from his pulpit last Sunday that "Death loves a mining shark." Thereupon, four stockbrokers and a man with a brother in Colorado got up and left the sacred building.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES!



Ladies who desire and never had a family can, by following my advice, insure the same The confidence of ladies will meet with that respect and sympathy that only one woman can show to another.

Private home for ladies in confinement, where they can be attended. A sure specific for female irregularities. Also scrofula eradicated from the system.

MRS. MARTIN,
Ladies' Physician, 342 Third Street.

Third Street Cars pass the door.

☞Cancer positively cured without operation. Rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic thoroughly cured.

July9-tf

O'BANION & DAGENAS,
MERCHANT TAILORS
AND DEALERS IN
CLOTHING
—{AND}—
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
712 and 714 Market Street,
sep10 SAN FRANCISCO.

TRADE MARK. Simene COLLARS AND CUFFS. Reversible Rubens, Angelo, Raphael, Murillo

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

These goods are perfect-fitting, and unexcelled for beauty of finish and elegance of style.

Unrivalled for cheapness—as the reversible principle makes one collar equal to two.

Both standing and turn-down collars in all desirable sizes and styles.

Sample collar and pair of cuffs sent on receipt of six cents. (Name the size.)

Illustrated Catalogue free.

Ten Collars or five pair of Cuffs sold at stores for 25 cts.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,
27 Kilby St., Boston, Mass. aug6

SHEW'S
Photograph Gallery,
No. 523 Kearny Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, : : : : CAL.

What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen for Cabinet Photographs, on Montgomery and Market streets, when the very best work can be obtained at this Gallery for half the price.

Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantaneous process for three dollars per dozen; and, no matter how restless, a good likeness guaranteed.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRANGERS' BANK
OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Authorized Capital, $1,000,000.
In 10,000 Shares of $100 each.

CAPILAL PAID UP IN GOLD COIN,
$624,160.

RESERVE FUND IN PAID UP STOCK,
$27,500.

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I. C. STEELE - - - - - Vice-President
A. MONTPELLIER - Cashier and Manager
FRANK McMULLEN - - Secretary

DIRECTORS.

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CURRENT ACCOUNTS are opened and conducted in the usual way, bank books balanced up, and statements of accounts rendered every month.

LOANS ON WHEAT and Country Produce a specialty.

COLLECTIONS throughout the country are made promptly, and proceeds remitted as directed.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT issued, payable on demand.

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july23-tf

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Magnetized
DEVELOPING SLATES!



FRED EVANS,
—THE—
WONDERFUL
INDEPENDENT
Slate-Writer!
And
AUTOMATIC
Writer!

Has been instructed by his guides to announce to his friends and the public, that he is prepared, through his guides, to develop any mediumistic persons for these convincing phases of spirit power.

Persons residing at a distance can send for Mr. EVANS' MAGNETISED DEVELOPING SLATES with instructions of how to sit. Send ten cents in stamps for circular, stating age, sex. etc., in your hand-writing, to

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every ten ency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—["Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

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NOW ON SALE!

The Grandest Spiritual Work Ever Published.

VOICES FROM MANY HILL-TOPS, ECHOES FROM MANY VALLEYS.

—{OR THE}—

Experiences of the Spirits Eon and Eona

In Earth-Life and the Spirit Spheres: in Ages Past; in the Long, Long Ago; and their Many Incarnations in Earth-Life and on other worlds.

A SPIRITUAL LEGACY FOR EARTH'S CHILDREN.

This Book of Many Lives is the Legacy of Spirit Eona to The Wide, Wide World.

A book from the land of souls, such as was never before published. No book like unto this has ever found its way to earth-land shores, showing that there has never been a demand for such a publication.

This book has been given by spirit Eona through the "Sun Angel Order of Light," to her soul-mate, Eon, and through him to the world.

The book has **650 large sized pages,** is elegantly bound in fine English cloth, has beveled boards and gilt top; will be sent by mail on receipt of $2.50.

Send the amount by money order or in registered letter

Catalogues giving contents of the book mailed free to every one.

PLEASE SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.

Address all letters,

JOHN B. FAYETTE,
Box 1862, Oswego, N. Y.
june 5-6 m.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

TIME SCHEDULE.

Passenger trains will leave and arrive at Passenger Depot (Townsend St., bet. Third and Fourth), San Francisco:

Leave S. F.	Commencing Aug 20, 1886.	Arrive S.
8:30 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park.	9:28 A.
10:40 A.		*11:20 A.
†11:30 A.		9:03 A.
* 3:30 P.		*10:00 A.
4:15 P.		† 9:56 P.
* 5:15 P.		† 4:59 P.
6:30 P.		6:00 P.
†11:45 P.		† 7:30 P.
* 8:30 A.	Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.	9:03 A.
10:40 A.		*10:00 A.
* 3:30 P.		† 9:56 P.
4:15 P.		6:00 P.
		† 7:35 P.
8:30 A.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas and Monterey.	*10:00 A.
* 3:30 P.		6:00 P.
8:30 A.	Watsonville, Camp Goodhall, Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Capitola), and Santa Cruz.	*10:00 A.
* 3:30 P.		6:00 P.
† 7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, (Sunday Excursion)	† 8:55 P.
10:40 A.	Hollister and Tres Pinos.	*10:00 A.
* 3:30 P.		6:00 P.
10:40 A.	Soledad, San Ardo and Way Stat'ns.	6:00 P.

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only
†Theatre Train, Saturdays only.

Standard time furnished by Randolph & Co.

STAGE CONNECTIONS are made with the 10:40 A. M. Train, except PESCADERO Stages via. San Mateo and Redwood, which connect with 8:30 A. M. Train.

SPECIAL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS—At Reduced Rates—to Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Pescadero; also to Gilroy, Paraiso, and Paso Robles Springs.

EXCURSION TICKETS

For Sundays only, { Sold Sunday morning, good for Return same day.

For Saturday, Sunday and Monday, { Sold Saturday and Sunday only; good for Return until following Monday, inclusive, at the following rates

Round Trip from San Francisco to	Sun. Tkt.	Sat to Mon Tkt.	Round Trip from San Francisco to	Sun. Tkt.	Sat to Mon. Tkt.
San Bruno	$	$ 50	Mount n View	$ 1 50	$ 2 00
Millbrae	....	65	Lawrence	1 50	2 25
Oak Grove	....	90	Santa Clara	1 75	2 50
San Mateo	75	1 10	San Jose	1 75	2 50
Belmont	1 00	1 25	Gilroy	2 75	4 00
Redwood	1 00	1 40	Aptos	....	5 00
Fair Oaks	1 25	1 50	Soquel	....	5 00
Menlo Park	1 25	1 60	Santa Cruz	....	5 00
Mayfield	1 25	1 75	Monterey	....	5 00

TICKET OFFICES.—Passenger Depot, Townsend St., Valencia Street Station and No. 613 Market street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC
COMPANY.
(Pacific System.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO

Leave (for)	FROM AUGUST 8, 1887.	Arrive (from)
8.00 A	Calistoga and Napa	10.10 A.
4.00 P.	"	6.10 P.
6.30 P	Coles and Portland	7.40 A.
6.00 P. C	Decoto	8.40 P.
3.30 P	Los Martinez	10.40 A.
9.30 A. C	Haywards and Niles	12 40 P.
10.30 A.	"	3.40 P.
* 6.00 P. C	Haywards and Decoto	8.40 P.
* 6.00 A. C	"	8.10 A.
‡ 7.30 A. C	"	‡10.40 A.
12.00 M. C	"	2.40 P.
8.30 A.	Ione via Livermore	5.40 P.
4.00 P.	Knight's Landing	10.10 A.
* 5.00 P.	Livermore and Pleasanton	* 8.40 A.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso & East	4.40 P.
3.30 P.	Los Angeles and Mojave	10.40 A.
8.00 A.	Martinez	6.10 P.
‡ 3.30 P.	Milton	* 3.40 P.
5.00 P.	Ogden and East	11.10 A.
7.30 A.	Red Bluff via Marysville	5.40 P.
7.30 A.	Redding via Willows	5.40 P.
7.30 A.	Reno and Truckee	5.40 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento via Benicia	5.40 P.
8.30 A.	" via Livermore	5.40 P.
3.00 P.	" via Benicia	11.10 A.
4.00 P.	" via Benicia	10 10 A.
6.30 P.	" via Benicia	7.40 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 6.00 A.
8.30 A.	San Jose	* 3.40 P.
‡10 30 A.	"	‡ 3.40 P.
12 00 M.	"	3.40 P.
3.00 P.	"	9.40 A.
5 00 P.	"	- - -
3.30 P.	Santa Barbara	10.40 A.
8.30 A.	Stockton via Livermore	5.40 P.
3.30 P.	" via Martinez	10.40 A.

A for Morning. P for afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
C—Take ferry train, and change cars at East Oakland.

Standard Time furnished by LICK OBSERVATORY.

A. N. Towne, Gen. Manager. T. H. Goodman, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00 6.30 7.00 7.30 8.00 8.30 9.00 9.30 10.00 10.30 11.00 11.30 12.00 12.30 1.00 1.30 2.00 2.30 3.00 3.30 4.00 4.30 5.00 5.30 6.00 6.30 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00 11.00 12.00

To 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—Same as "To East Oakland," until 6.30 P. M., inclusive, also at 9.00 P. M.

To FRUIT VALE — *6.00 6.30 7.00 7.30 8.00 8.30 *9.30 3.30 4.00 4.30 5.00 5.30 6.00 6.30 9.00

To FRUIT VALE—(via ALAMEDA) *9.30 7.00 12.00

To ALAMEDA—*6.00 *6.30 7.00 *7.30 8.00 *8.30 9.00 9.30 10.00 ‡10.30 11.00 ‡11.30 12.00 ‡12.30 1.00 ‡1.30 2.00 ‡2.30 3.00 3.30 4.00 4.30 5.00 5.30 6.00 6.30 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00 11.00 12.00

To BERKELEY— *6.00 *6.30 7.00 *7.30 8.00 *8.30 9.00 9.30 10.00 ‡10.30 11.00 ‡11.30 12.00 ‡12.30 1.00 ‡1.30 2.00 ‡2.30 3.00 3.30 4.00 4.30 5.00 5.30 6.00 6.30 7.00 7.30 8.00 9.00 10.00 11.00 12.00

To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley."

TO SAN FRANCISCO DAILY

FROM FRUIT VALE — 6.50 7.20 7.50 8.20 8.50 9.20 *10.13 4.20 4.50 5.20 5.50 6.20 6.50 7.47 9.50

FROM FRUIT VALE (via ALAMEDA) — *5.22 5.52 *6.22 $9.14 *5.22

FROM 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND — 6.55 7.25 7.55 8.25 8.55 9.25 9.55 10.25 10.55 11.25 11.55 12.25 12.55 1.25 1.55 2.25 2.55 3.25 3.55 4.25 4.55 5.25 5.55 6.25 6.55 7.50 9.53

FROM EAST OAKLAND — *5.30 6.00 6.30 7.00 7.30 8.00 8.30 9.00 9.30 10.00 10.30 11.00 11.30 12.00 12.30 1.00 1.30 2.00 2.30 3.00 3.30 4.00 4.30 5.00 5.30 6.00 6.30 7.00 7.37 8.37 9.37 10.37

FROM BROADWAY, OAKLAND— 7 minutes later than from East Oakland.

FROM ALAMEDA — *5.30 6.00 *6.30 7.00 7.30 8.00 8.30 9.00 9.30 10.00 ‡10.30 11.00 ‡11.30 12.00 ‡12.30 1.00 ‡1.30 2.00 ‡2.30 3.00 3.30 4.00 4.30 5.00 5.30 6.00 6.30 7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00 11.00

FROM BERKELEY — *5.22 5.55 *6.25 6.55 *7.25 7.55 *8.25 8.55 9.25 9.55 ‡10.25 10.55 ‡11.25 11.55 ‡12.25 12.55 ‡1.25 1.55 ‡2.25 2.55 3.25 3.55 4.25 4.55 5.25 5.55 6.25 6.55 7.05 8.55 9.55 10.55

FROM WEST BERKELEY—Same as 'FROM BERKELEY.'

CREEK ROUTE.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15 9.15 11.15 1.15 3.15 5.15

FROM ALAMEDA—6.15 8.15 10.15 12.15 2.15 4.15

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.